

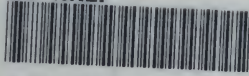
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RORY O'MORE.

R O R Y O ' M O R E .

A COMIC DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI,

FOUNDED ON THE ROMANCE OF THAT TITLE.

By

SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH REMARKS,
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE
REPRESENTATION.

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

SWITCHED TO 11

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED, SEPTEMBER 29, 1837.

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RORY. Gray frieze jacket, leather breeches, or corduroy, blue stockings, and shoes; hat, not too smart, with rather broad and slouching brim.	} Mr. Power.
DE LACY. In first scene. Full white cravat, broad lapelled double-breasted waistcoat, tight pantaloons, slippers, and dressing-gown. In after scenes, a coat, with a low, but broad collar, large lapelles, and heavy skirt; top-boots, hat with large leaf	} Mr. Saville.
SCRUBBS. Cavalry helmet, and large bearskin, blue cavalry coat, with heavy skirts, and yellow facings, white leathers, and large military boots, large sword, and long spurs	} Mr. Wilkinson.
DE WELSKIN. Glazed cocked-hat, light blue half military jacket, with red facings, showy waistcoat, Normandy petticoat trousers, over red pantaloons, and top or hessian boots	} Mr. Yates.
COLONEL THUNDER. Full suit of regimentals (<i>infantry</i>).	} Mr. Catthie.
SHAN DHU (<i>Dark John</i> .) A mixed costume, combining the Irish peasant and the smugler	} Mr. O. Smith.
KATHLEEN. Red bodice and petticoat, large gray cloak, blue stockings, shoes, and buckles	} Miss Shaw.
MARY O'MORE. Same style, in different colours	} Miss A. Taylor.
WIDOW. Black petticoat, brown bed-gown, close white cap, fitting to the head, without ribbon or border, spotted handkerchief, crossed down her neck, blue stockings, shoes, and buckles	} Mrs. Johnson.

Time of representation, two hours.

RORY O'MORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Interior of the WIDOW O'MORE'S cottage—DE LACY in a dressing-gown, seated beside a table with a bowl of soup before him—the WIDOW O'MORE attending—DE LACY finishes his repast, and lays down his spoon.

Wid. Maybe you'd have another little sup, sir ?

De L. No, thank you, Mrs. O'More—even that little is much for my weak appetite, as yet—you forget how ill I have been.

Wid. Ay, and you must forget it, too, sir.

De L. Never!—your kindness, and that of your daughter have been more than a stranger like me could have expected : nay, more than I have ever experienced during my whole life.

Wid. Now, I must not listen to you any more, sir, and so I'll just take away your bowl, and leave you to rest yourself.

[Takes bowl, and leaves apartment, R. H.]

MARY enters, L. H.

De L. Where is your brother ?

Mary. Gone to the village, sir.

De L. Will he soon return ?

Mary. We expect him every minute, sir.—I will send him to you when he comes back. (*going.*)

De L. And am I to be left all alone, Mary ?

Mary. Oh, sir, I'll come back by and by, and see if you want for any thing.

De L. Pardon me, Mary, (*takes her hand*) but your own goodness has spoilt me. I have been so used to see your kind sweet face about me, while doing the heavenly offices of charity, I miss it whenever it is absent.

Mary. You think too much of what we've done, sir.

De L. No, Mary ! heart could not be too grateful, nor tongue too eloquent, in feeling and speaking all I owe you. Believe me, I shall never forget it.

[RORY whistles outside the air of "Rory O'More."]

Mary. Here's Rory returned.

Enter RORY O'MORE, through door and the WIDOW O'MORE, R. H.

Rory. Well, sir, how is it with you now ?

De L. Better, thank you, Rory.

Rory. Musha long life to you ! Oh, you'll be as lively as a

throu in a week more, though you wor nigh hand as dead as a herrin' th' other day.

Wid. Fie on you, Rory, don't say such things to the gentleman.

Rory. Arrah, what harm? sure he's well enough now, and divil a fear of him.

Wid. Go along with you, do. Did you remember to bring me the things from the apothecary's?

Rory. Yes—here they are—howld your apron—

[*The WIDOW holds up her apron to receive the articles*

RORY takes from his pocket.

There's the chamomile—that cost tuppence; and there's the rhubub, and that cost the same; and there's the penny royal wather—and that cost thruppence—

Wid. That's too much—it should only cost a penny.

Rory. I suppose penny royal is worth more than a penny, or there would be no use in its bein' penny royal.

Wid. But, sure, I only wanted—

Rory. Now will you lave me alone. Here's the bark, and faix, that's what took the shine off your shillin',—bark—that you may get for nothing out of every dog's mouth; when he towld me I should give him a shillin' for a parcel of owld dust, that looked just for all the world like the sweepings o' the flure—arrah, for what, says I—what is it? Bark, says he. Bow wow, says I. So I hope you're plased, ma'am, for the worth o' your money;—and who do you think I met at the 'pottikery's?

Wid. Why, then, who?

Rory. Scrubbs; and, indeed, I wondher he isn't ashamed to go to the place, for his father was a dacent 'pottekery before him, but he must turn 'torney, bad luck to him, and instead of doin' people good it's doing them all the harm he can—the skrewging thief, and he ought to be ashamed to look a gallipot in the face, for it must remind him of his dacent father. See, mother, (*aside to WIDOW,*) do you and Mary go and keep a sharp look out on the road for him, for he was axing impidint questions about some one being here, and all to that; and I would'nt wonder if he was to come pimpin' about the place, and I don't want him to see Mr. De Lacy—you understand.

Wid. We'll be on our guard. [*Exit WIDOW and MARY, R. H.*

De L. O'More, shut the door; come close to me, I have a question to ask you, and I charge you, as you are a man, to answer me truly. I have been in a fever, and, of course, I have been raving; now tell me honestly, did I let fall any words to excite your suspicion?

Rory. (*smiling.*) Faix, and you did, sir.

De L. I'm sure you guess what I am.

Rory. Shouldher arms,—whoo!—

De L. You are right,—I am a soldier—and further you guess, I am sure, not a soldier of King George's.

Rory. (*with very arch expression, sings*)

Viva la, the French is coming.

Viva la, our friends is thrue,

Viva la, the French is coming,
What will the poor yeomen do.

De L. You are then a true son of Green Erin?

Rory. (with emotion.) To the core of my heart!

De L. Then my mind is at ease. You can fulfil a mission that must, otherwise, have failed—that is, if you'll undertake it.

Rory. Undertake it!—I'd thavel to the four corners of the earth in a good cause.

De L. I am bound by promise to be in the adjoining town where an agent from France is waiting, who bears intelligence to me. My weakened state forbids my going—will you undertake the mission?

Rory. With all the veins o' my heart, and be proud into the bargain!

De L. Go, then, to the town, and in the market-place there is a public-house—

Rory. The Cat and Bagpipes—I know it well, by rayson of many a drhink I've had in it.

De L. At the hour of six in the evening you will see a party of three men—contrive to say within their hearing, "one—two—three."

Rory. That's one a piece for them.

De L. Upon which they will return your signal, and leave the house, and you may follow wherever they lead.

Enter MARY, hastily, R. H.

Mary. Rory, Scrubbs is ridng towards the house.

De L. This is the apothecary attorney of whom you spoke.

Rory. Yis, the big blaguard.—Look at him, there, the dirty bosthoom, bumpin along in his high saddle.

De L. (looking out.) Why this man is more like a soldier than a lawyer.

Rory. Phoo—sure, he's every thing—'torney and collector, head guager, smuggler-hunter, and yeomanry captain. He's all in one, as owld nick said to the hole in his hat. See, sir—just step into your own room if you plase, for I don't want the pimpin' thief to see you at all, at all.

[*Exit DE LACY, to apartment L. H.*

Enter SCRUBBS through door. Enter WIDOW O'MORE, R. H.

Scr. Good morrow, Widow, good morrow! Glad to see you well, ma'am—and you, Mary O'More, well and hearty: all well, I see—glad of it!—was afraid some one was sick,—saw Rory getting some drugs at the village—just dropt in as I was coming by, to see if I could offer any advice—Who's sick?—who's ill—*who's—*

[*The WIDOW and MARY bustle about the room during SCRUBB'S address, and take no notice of him, while RORY seats himself on a low stool, and commences dressing a blackthorn stick. SCRUBBS looks at them inquiringly.*

I say, who's sick?

Rory. (*very briskly.*) I am.

Scr. You, Rory—you, my man—you sick!

Rory. Yes—of troublesome company always.

Scr. Ha! ha! very good—funny fellow always, Rory—let me feel your pulse. (*attempts to lay hold of RORY's wrist.*)

Rory. Keep off; you'd better leave my hand alone, for my pulse has a way of bating mighty hard sometimes.

Scr. You know I'm skilful, Mrs. O'More, in the medical line, and as there is some one sick here, I shall be most happy Mrs. O'More—most happy—

Wid. 'Tis only a traveller, sir, was suddenly taken ill in passing this place, and so we took him in, and took care of him.

Scr. Is he poor?

Rory. (*reproachfully.*) We never asked him that.

Scr. Of course—of course; but then you might *guess*.

Rory. *Guess!* why then, tare an ouns, do you think the man is a riddle or a conundrum, that we'd be guessing at him?

Scr. (*casting his eyes on De Lacy's valise.*) This is the traveller's portmanteau, I suppose. (*takes it up and turns it over in search of initials.*)

Rory. It's not yours at any rate.

Scr. (*aside, turning round the portmanteau.*) Not a letter on it—provoking. No harm in my asking I hope.

Rory. Nor good either.

Scr. Only by this portmanteau, I see the traveller is a gentleman.

Rory. Tare alive—I never knew that before. So becase he has a portmantle you say he is a gentleman.

Scr. Certainly.

Rory. What a pity it is you hav'n't a portmantle.

Scr. What do you mean by that? what do you mean, I say?

Rory. Oh, nothing, only I thought it might be convenient to you. (*aside to MARY.*) I say, Mary, run and take off his horse's bridle,—and cast him loose, and then he must go and hunt for him; and so we'll get rid of him. [*Exit MARY, through door.*]

Scr. You know his name, of course.

Rory. No; we never ax'd him any impid'nt questions.

Scr. He's raving. Now all you have to do is to open his valise, examine his papers, and find out who he is. I'll do it for you if you like. (*RORY rises from his seat.*)

Rory. Why then do you take me for sitch a mane spirited dog, that while a sick man was on his back, I'd turn spy and thief, and break open his portmantle and hunt for his saycrets—

Scr. My dear Rory!—

Rory. Don't *dear me!* dear, indeed—'faith, its *chape* you howld me, if you think I'd do sitch a dirty turn—to bethray the man under my roof!—you ought to be ashamed o' yourself.

Scr. My good fellow, it's a common practice.

Rory. A common thief's practice—to brake locks and cut open bags, and pimp and spy. Faugh! on the man would do the like. If I thought there was one dhrop o' blood in my body would consent to it, I'd open my veins, and bleed till it was out.

MARY re-enters.

Mary. Look, look, Mr. Scrubbs—there's your horse has got his head out of the bridle, and is scampering wild over the fields.

Scr. (*looking out*). Hillo! murder! my new saddle, and the vicious brute is rolling over in it—stop! stop! (*runs out.*)

Rory. Off you go, and bad luck go before you, for the dirty dhrop is in you. There now mother, I'll be off too; so when I'm gone, bowlt the door afther me, and don't let that pimping thief in any more. Good bye, mother—good bye, Mary—I'll be wid you when I come back.

[*During this last speech, RORY puts on his top coat, and makes his exit. Music (Rory O'More). WIDOW and MARY bolt the door and scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*A meadow with some thorn trees—hills in the distance.*

Music—(*the symphony to the song in the following scene*). Enter KATHLEEN as the music ceases. She bears a milking-pail.

Kath. Well, my milking is done, and now to go home, and then to put on my new gown and go to the dance; for my aunt promised to let me go. How good she is to me—I wish her son was deserving of such a mother; but Shan Dhu is not what he ought to be; and ever since he spoke of love to me, I dread him so. But why should I think of the dark cloud, when there is so much sunshine round me—I have more cause for smiles than sighs; my aunt is kind, all my friends are kind—Mary O'More—and Rory—I'll wear the ribbon he gave me at the dance, to-night.

SONG.

There's a lad that I know, and I know that he,
Speaks softly to me,
The Cushlamachree;
He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
And who the lad is—I'm not going to tell.

He whisper'd a question one day in my ear,
When he breathed it, oh, dear!
How I trembled with fear;
What the question he asked was, I need not confess,
But the answer I gave to the question was "yes."

His eyes they are bright, and they look'd so kind,
When I was inclin'd
To speak my mind;
And his breath is so sweet, oh, the roses' is less,
And how I found it out—why, I leave you to guess.

[*During the singing of the song RORY appears in the background, and hides behind a thorn tree, watching from thence KATHLEEN in evident admiration.*

So now to go home and set my milk, and get ready for the dance.

[RORY has stolen softly behind her, and, as she stoops to lift the pail, he makes a sudden exclamation :

Rory. Wow!

[KATHLEEN starts, with a slight exclamation, and turns suddenly round—RORY kisses her.

Kath. (boxing his ears.) You impudent fellow—how dare you do that?

Rory. I lave you to guess.

Kath. And so you've been listening too.

Rory. And looking too, jewel; and faith I could hardly tell which I'd rather be, blind or bothered; for there was your pretty little throat, so nice and round outside, and the song so sweet coming out of the inside of it—oh! murther, it's too much to have ears and eyes at wonst Kathleen, when one is looking at and listening to you.

Kath. You are very impudent, so you are, Rory.

Rory. You've often told me that before.

Kath. It does not do you much good then—you hear me, but you don't heed me.

Rory. Why, if you go to that, how can I help myself? sure you might as well keep the ducks from the water, or the bees from the flowers, as my heart from you, Kathleen.

Kath. Now, Rory, leave off.

Rory. By this light, Kathleen!

Kath. Now don't be going on, Rory.

Rory. There's not a girl—

Kath. Now don't be making a fool of yourself and me too, Rory.

Rory. If makin' you my own would be to make a fool o' myself, thin it's a fool o' myself I'd be makin' myself, sure enough.

Kath. (rather sadly.) Rory, don't be talkin' this way to me—it is good for neither of us.

Rory. Kathleen, darling, what's the matter with you?

[takes her hand.

Kath. Nothing—nothing—only it's foolishness.

Rory. Don't call honest love foolishness, Kathleen. Sure our hearts would be of no use to us at all, if we were not fond o' one another; arrah! what's the matter with you, my own Kathleen!

[steals his hand round her waist.

Kath. I must go home, Rory—let me go, Rory, dear!

[strives to disengage his hand.

Rory. No, I won't let you go, *ma vourneen*; now, or never, I must have your answer. You are the girl that is, and ever was the core o' my heart, and I'll never love another but yourself, nor rest aisy till you're my wife.

[During this speech KATHLEEN exhibits much emotion, and at the word "wife," throws herself on RORY'S neck, and sobs bitterly.

Kathleen, darling!—Kathleen, jewel!—forgive me, my own colleen, if I took you too sudden—I'll say no more to you, now: only give me your answer at your own good time.

Kath. (wiping the tears from her eyes.) No, Rory, dear; you've

been plain with me, and I'll be plain with you—as for myself—
 [She looks up to RORY, expressive of affection, which she is ashamed to name.]

Rory. (with enthusiasm.) You love me, then! you love me!

[Clasps her to his heart.]

Kath. Oh, Rory, but my cousin, Shan Dhu!

Rory. Well, what of him?

Kath. (mournfully.) Oh, you know—you know.

Rory. You mane he wanted to be first lover, as well as first cousin; well, and what o' that: if you couldn't like him, is that any reason you shouldn't like me?

Kath. Oh, you don't know him: Shan is very dark.

Rory. Dark!

Kath. Yes; very dark.

Rory. By dad, I don't care if he was as dark as twelve o'clock at night; and why should you care, either, Kathleen ashore, when there's your aunt to look to, and her word is worth more than his in the affair.

Kath. Oh, but she's afraid of Shan, too—he's so very dark.

Rory. Why he must be the divil intirely if he's so black.

Kath. So, Rory, dear, we must keep our love secret for awhile.

Rory. It's hard to hide what's in the heart, Kathleen! for if the tongue doesn't bethray you, its sure to peep out at the eyes.

Kath. But we shan't meet often, and so there will be the less danger o' that.

Rory. That's hard, too. But, Kathleen, though you don't see me often,—will you—will you—

[Hesitates, and looks tenderly on KATHLEEN.]

Kath. You couldn't say the words, Rory. Will I be true to you? Oh, Rory, I have given you my heart, because I could not help it, and I trust to you that you have given me yours. Don't take it away from me; I must hide my love for a time—I'll hide it as a miser would hide his gold; and, oh, Rory! don't let me find the treasure gone when I may venture to show it to the day.

Rory. Kathleen, darling! while there is life in my heart, it is you are the queen of it.

Kath. Go, now, go—I would not have you seen for the king's ransom.

Rory. May the heavens bless and keep you!—one more kiss, my own, own girl (embraces her.) Farewell, core of my heart, farewell! [Exit RORY, KATHLEEN looks after him anxiously.]

Kath. He's gone—a little while past, and I was light of spirit, and heart-free—and now my heart is another's, and I am—sad?—no! not sad—but thoughtful. My lightheartedness has passed away, even with the consciousness of a deeper pleasure. (takes up her pail.) Slowly shall I wend my way home. How lightly I trod over the wild flowers when I left it.

[Exit KATHLEEN Tender music.]

SCENE III.—*A dark cellar—in one corner a hammock is hanging, a ship lantern, but without a light, is suspended from one of the rafters, underneath which stand a rude table and seats—coils of cable, kegs, &c., lying about, indicating the inmates to be smugglers—SHAN DHU discovered, seated on a chest.*

Shan. When a man's alone and sober, what gloomy thoughts come into his head; in vain I strive to forget that girl's refusal of me—worse than refusal; for she loves another, and that other, the man of all I loathe, for often I find him cross my path. If I hear it asked, "Who's the best wrestler?"—the answer is, "Rory O'More."—"Who's the best hurler?"—"Rory O'More."—"Who gets the prettiest girl for his partner in the dance!"—"Rory O'More"—and in a partner for life, he despoils me too—for deeply do I suspect that Kathleen loves him; if so—I'll be revenged. Yes—if I cannot requite my love, I will my hate.

[*A knocking at the door, SHAN DHU approaches it.*

Who's there?

Sol. (*without.*) One, two, three.

[*Opens the door, and SOLOMON enters.*

Sol. Don't you know me?

Shan. What, you! soldering Solomon!—what brings you here?

Sol. Why a bit o' spec'lation—wants more bakky; though tinkering's my trade, smuggling's my delight.—Cheating is always pleasant; but of all cheating, give me cheating an exciseman.

Shan. Or the d—I in the dark.

Sol. 'Twould be in the dark here; why don't you illuminate, eh? have you got saving of your oil?

Shan. We have none until Pierre brings it back; he is out with Munseer De Welskin, and I expect them every minute. (*a knock.*) Here they come, I suppose. Who's there?

De W. (*without.*) Vaun, two, tree.

Shan. (*opening door.*) You were just in my mouth, Munseer.

De W. Beg your pardon—I dis naut intent to go into your mous. Coame down, coame down. Monsieur coame in—tak care of de step (*leads in RORY, who is followed by PIERRE and FLANNERTY*) Pierre—*fermez la porte.* (*to RORY.*) Now, sare, I am ver glad to see you.

Rory. May the saints spare you your eye-sight—I wish I could return the compliment.

De W. Whaat! you no glad to see me?

Rory. Faith, I'd be very glad to see you; but how can I see you in the dark?—barrin I was a cat.

De W. Ha! ha! you fonee feylow—ha! ha! like you for dat bettere. Pierre mek hase wis a light.

[*SHAN DHU, FLANNERTY, and PIERRE strike a light while the dialogue proceeds.*

De W. Sair, you air wailcome.

Rory. Thank you kindly—give us your fist.

De W. Vaut you say ?

Rory. (*aside.*) How stupid them furriners is. I say, give us your fist.

Pierre. He's bidding you shake hands with him.

De W. Oh! donnez-moi la main.

Rory. (*to Pierre.*) He says he doesn't know the man—does he mane me!

De W. Bah! shak hans wis me.

Rory. Oh! you undherstand me at last—there. (*shakes hands.*)

De W. You understan 'dat littel shak of de 'an—don't you ?

Rory. All right munseer!

[*During the dialogue SHAN DHU ignites a match and lights the lamp, RORY and he mutually start, as the light reveals them to each other.*]

Rory. (*aside.*) Shan Dhu!

Shan. (*aside.*) He—here! curse him, he's always crossing me.

Rory. (*offering his hand to Shan.*) Shan Dhu—give us the hand.

Shan. (*reluctantly giving his hand.*) There. (*he permits Rory to shake it.*)

Rory. (*aside.*) By my conscience that shake was all o' one side, like the handle of a pump,

De W. Now vee mus talk our littel affaire dis moment.

Pie. (*to Rory.*) I'll help to explain between you; for De Welskein does not speak the best English, and you, I suppose, don't understand French.

Rory. To be sure I undherstand it—didn't you hear me say munseer ?

De W. Come sair, seet you down—

[*RORY and DE WELSKEIN sit down to the table, which has been furnished by SHAN DHU and SOLOMON from a cupboard, with stone jars and glasses; the other characters draw round the table also.*]

Here someting for you to dreenk—not nastee, like pobeleek ouse—bote goot—brandee!—ha! ha! goote, and nussing to pay.

Rory. By my conscience you'll get a grate dale of custom at that rate. So here's your good health, Mистер—(*aside to PIERRE*) what's his name?

Pie. De Welskein.

Rory. Here's to your good health, Mr. Wilkinson.

De W. No, no—das not my nem—my nem De Welskein.

Rory. I beg your pardon, sir, but would you say that again if you plase.

De W. De-vel-skein.

Rory. Oh! Divilskin. Here's to your health, Mистер Divilskin.

De W. (*produces a letter.*) Here, sair, dis is for Monsieur De Lacy—dis is lettere from le General Hoche—prenez garde—tak care of him ver mush—sacré—if you be kesh vid dis letteer from General Hoche—in your poche—

Rory. Wow! wow!—say no more.

[Puts his thumb under his ear, as a sign of being hanged.]

De W. You oonderstand den?

Rory. Not a place in the world where they undherstand hanging bettther than in Ireland.

De W. Tek him den—and tek care auf him. (gives the letter.)

Rory. And this is from General Hoche. Oh! to think I'd ever see the day I'd be the bearer of a letther from the great General Hoche—long life to him. (kisses the letter.)

De W. Sacre!—fine feylow! you af de entousiasm—bon! bon! (slaps him on the shoulder.)

Rory. To be sure, I've bones—but you needn't break them, if its all one to you—there. (puts the letter inside his vest.) That's the place for it—next my heart—and tell me, munseer, will the ginerall soon be here?

De W. Me fraid, no—me fraid he die—me tink he got vault you call de gunstump in him.—

Rory. Oh musha!—think o' that—and where is it in him, sir?

De L. Inside, into his boddee.

Rory. Oh, my poor fellow! what these sojers has to put up with—to have the stump of a gun stickin' in him!

De W. No—no—de gun not stick in him—it is de tickle-hine.

Rory. No wondher 'twould tickle him, faith—

Pie. He says General Hoche is in a decline—a consumption.

De W. Ah, me forges the terminaison—de gunstumption—dat is it—

Rory. Oh, then, if we had him here we'd cure him intirely.

De Wel. Comment?

Rory. Oh! common enough, indeed, in this counthy—the finest thing in the word for consumption is goat's milk made into whay.

De W. Ah, yais—ghost's milk—ver goot!

Rory. Goat's milk, munseer.

De L. Yais, yais!—ghost's milk—

Rory. Afther one is dead, maybe ghost's milk would be very nice.

Knocking; SHAN DHU opens the door, and a blind fiddler and his wife, MRS. DOYLE, BIDDY CASEY, and NELLY RILEY, enter.

Shan. Welcome—what kept you so late, Nelly?

Nel. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies.

Shan. Always saucy, you baggage. (chucks her under the chin; and talks with her apart, the other women converse with the rest.)

De W. (to RORY.) You see de leddees mek visite to me.

Rory. Yes, sir. (aside.) Ladies—quare ladies, I think.

De W. Ah, Madame Doyle—glad to see you, madame. (to RORY.) Dis is Madame Doyle. (MRS. DOYLE makes a grand curtsey to RORY.)

Mrs. D. Proud of your acquaintance, sir.

Rory. The same to you, ma'am, and a great many of them.

Nel. (to SHAN.) What's the name of that sporting looking fellow over there? (*pointing to RORY.*)

Shan. (*savagely.*) You like him, do you?

Nel. Yes, I do, if you go to that—

Shan. Then go to him! (*turns on his heel.*)

Nel. Never say it again! (*goes to RORY.*) Sarvant, sir—fine weather for dancing.

Rory. Yis, miss—if it was a thrifle cooler.

Nel. I'd be sorry to have a coolness with you, sir. (*eyes him tenderly.*)

De W. Leddees—you vil have someting too dreenk—vaut you vill ave?

Nel. Any thing, munseer, that's nice.

Rory. I suppose, my darlin', you wouldn't take any thing sthronger than sperits for the world.

Nel. (*shakes her head at him.*) Oh, you rogue. (*she turns towards DE WELSKEIN, who is talking with the fiddler.*)

Rory. This is a nice little family tay party—that postman of General Hoches is a quare chap—I wouldn't be a money letther in his way, for a thrifle—and that innocent young woman that was talking to me—I wondher has her mother any more like her—'twould be a nice family to marry into; and the kegs o' brandy lying about—faith they want them, for they are all mighty thirsty souls—and the bundles o' rope—well they say give some people rope enough, and they'll hang themselves—'pon my conscience it is the ugliest kennel I ever was in, and a mighty ill-looking set of dogs is in it.

De W. Come, sair, (*to RORY,*) feel your glass.

Rory. Faix, I feel it in my fist, Mистер Divilskin—and I'll feel it in my head soon I'm afear'd—I'll be mulvathered.

De W. But dis is for de leddees.—Now, messieurs—you all fools.

Rory. All fools—'pon my soul, that's a compliment.

De W. No, no; all FULL!

Omnes. All! all!

De W. I give, sair, dis tost—hells a piece to de leddees.

Rory. And a little one for yourself munseer. (*they drink.*)

De W. Now, Mister Fiddlehair—you begin.—*Vive la Dance.*

Rory. Faix Mистер Divilskin, I must be goin'—

De W. Not visous a dance, Mistair Rory—von littel dance.

Nel. (*dancing up to RORY.*) I dance to you, sir—

Rory. Your will is my pleasure, ma'am. (*aside.*) I wish I was out o' this.—Let me take off my coat. (*lays down his coat near the ladder.*) What tune would you rather, miss?

Nel. The Derrymagloughny jig.

Rory. Now, you blind ould thief, open your eyes, and pull it out sthrong.

[RORY and NELLY dance a jig; while they dance the rest of the party look on; DE WELSKEIN seems to become enthusiastic at sight of RORY'S activity, and takes

out MRS. DOYLE to dance; SOLOMAN selects BIDDY RILEY for a partner, and they all ultimately become jumbled together; RORY takes advantage of the confusion, and disengaging himself from amongst them, runs up the ladder, which he drags after him, and escapes; NELLY, when she misses him runs amongst the dancers, and the party all exclaim, "He's gone—he's gone;" they run to the door, and cannot follow for want of the ladder. Scene closes.

SCENE IV.—The outskirts of a country town—night—hail and snow.

Enter RORY, L. H.

Rory. Ha! ha! ha! how nately I gave them the slip—what will ould Devilskin do for his laddher I wondher—while they wor jiggig away it was other steps I was taking, faith.—Tare an ouns, what a night it is!—hail and snow, and so late, too—and the martial law out—and the sogers out too—by dad if they ketch me my bread's baked without an oven—and the devil of it is I must go into the town to get out of the town, for its just right at th' other side of it my road lies—whisht!—what's that!—by the vartue o' my oath its the sojers—I hear their thramp. Bad luck to them, couldn't they go any way but this. Whisht! they're coming—then I had betther be going while my shoes is good—for General Hoche's letter would be far from a letter of recommendation to me.

[Exit, R.

Music; the rogue's march; enter SCRUBBS, L. carrying an umbrella over his head, leading a party of yeomanry, who march irregularly across the stage, with their heads stuck into the collars of their great coats, and trailing their muskets. Exeunt, R. H.

SCENE V.—A street—night—hail and snow—at one side, a house presenting two sides: a deep porch is before the door, from one of the pillars hangs a large bell pull—over the porch a practicable window.

Enter RORY, hastily, R. H.

Rory. They're afther me still—what'll I do if I meet some more o' them this way. (crosses the stage.) Hillo, that's a fine big door-way—by dad, I was a bright hand when a boy at hide and seek; and I'll try if I can't play the game yet. (enters the porch.) I wish this post was bigger, or my shoulders less; I might as well thrive to hide behind a kitchen poker. (hides.)

Enter SCRUBBS, leading the yeomanry, carrying an umbrella over his head.

Scr. 'Pon my life, this campaigning by night is very unpleasant business; taking gentlemen out in such diabolical weather, is more than most men's loyalty can stand—very hard

on the yeomanry—mounting guard is not proper yeomanry practice—review on a fine day all very well, but this sentry-box business in the middle of the night is what I call *non compos*; my dear wife is at this moment lamenting my absence, sweet soul! I say you, Bill Jones, you must relieve guard—its your turn.

Bill. (tipsy a little.) It's a good joke to call it a relief—I wish I had more punch I know.

Scr. You've had punch enough, Bill, so be steady.

Bill. What a horrid night it is.

Scr. Never mind my lads, keep your powder dry.

Bill. You may as well leave us your umbrella.

Scr. Tut, tut, sir; no mutiny, if you please; none but officers have any right to carry umbrellas; come, steady! march! round the corner.

[*SCRUBBS and BILL march behind the house, the remainder of the yeomanry stand before the door, with their heads stuck down in the collars of their coats, and stooping to avoid the storm which continues to rage.*]

Rory. (peering.) I wish they'd lave that.

[*SCRUBBS makes some mumbling mock-military exclamations at the corner of the house.*]

Rory. Are they talking of me I wondher!

SCRUBBS returns with the relieved yeoman.

1st Yeo. I'm half dead—there's no fun in this mounting guard.

Scr. We have plenty of whiskey and hot water at the guard-house; so let us get back to it as soon as we can. Fall in there—right face. Oh, if my dear wife only knew what I suffer for my country—march!

[*Exeunt SCRUBBS and guard.*]

Rory. (peeping out.) There's one o' them chaps left behind to take care I would'nt loose my way lavin' the place; where are they?—round the corner, I suppose (*looks round the corner of the house. BILL JONES marches up and down, and grumbles. RORY runs hastily inside the porch, and his hand touches the bell pull—the bell rings.*) Tare an ouns, I've rung the bell; bad luck to it, I only just touched it.

[*A window is raised above the porch, and COLONEL THUNDER puts out his head.*]

Col. Who's there? who's there? Sentry! sentry, I say!

BILL JONES comes forward.

Bill. Who calls sentry?

Col. Your colonel, sir. Who rang the bell?

Bill. I don't know, colonel.

Col. You've been asleep, sir—

Bill. I wish I had.

Col. You're drunk, sir.

Bill. I wish I was.

Col. Somebody rang the bell,

Rory. 'Twas a mistake, colonel, dear. (*Aside.*) Oh! murder, I'm ruined now.

Col. What do you say about a mistake?

Bill. I said no such thing.

[*The door is opened behind RORY—a figure in white appears, and pulls RORY inside the door.*]

Col. Somebody did, then. See if there's any one hiding in the porch.

[*BILL JONES staggers over to the porch, as RORY slips inside the door.*]

Bill. It's as empty as my last tumbler.

Col. Push the door.

Bill. (*pushes it.*) All fast. (*music.*)

SCENE VI.—*A dark passage in COLONEL THUNDER'S house.*

Enter RORY and BETTY, L. H. BETTY in a bed-gown leading RORY.

Bet. Take care—step softly—don't make a noise—hush.—Stay here a minute, I want to listen if the Colonel's bedroom opens, I will be back with you soon. [*Exit BETTY, R. H.*]

Rory. The colonel!—so here I am in the colonel's house. Rory, my boy, luck's on your side—just to be let into the colonel's house when you wor within an inch of being 'cotch by the sogers, and put in the guard-house—that's out o' the fire into the frying pan; now, who the dickins is this woman?—she takes me for her sweetheart, or her husband, I suppose—well, I can be either she plases, and that's a comfort; if she *finds* me out, she'll *turn* me out, so I must keep onknowns't to her as long as I can. I'll purtend to have a cowl'd, and disguise my voice—here she comes.

Re-enter BETTY, R. H.

Bet. Hist!

Rory. What's that?

Bet. Darby—Darby—

Rory. (*aside.*) So, I'm Darby.

Bet. Darby.

Rory. Who's there?

Bet. Sure, it's your own Betty.

Rory. (*aside.*) Oh! she's Betty—well, darlin'—

Bet. All quiet, so give me your hand.

Rory. Where are you?

Bet. Here—here—give me your hand.

Rory. There, jewel.

[*BETTY takes his hand.*]

Bet. Now, don't make a noise, Darby, dear.

Rory. Not for the world, Betty, jewel.

Bet. Step softly.

Rory. Never fear; did you ever see a cat steppin' over a pat o' buther?

[*Exeunt, R. H.*]

SCENE VII.—*A kitchen—a window in the centre, with a dresser before it, on which stand a dish of meat, a bottle of wine and*

glasses—a coalhole on one side, and a bed on the other, both practicable—a table and chairs are on the stage.

Enter RORY and BETTY.

Bet. Now, darlin' we're safe; I've locked the door, and we may talk as much as we please.

Rory. (*affecting hoarseness.*) Iss, iss, darlin'!

Bet. (*setting the viands on the table.*) I've kept something here for your supper, Darby, dear; sit down.

Rory. Iss, darlin—iss.

Bet. Why your voice is altered, Darby, dear.

Rory. Iss, it's a cowl I got—my voice is gone intirely.

Bet. Well, come and eat your supper, and 'twill do you good.

Rory. Thru for you, darlin. [*RORY sits at the table, and eats.*]

Bet. Maybe you'd like a candle, Darby.

Rory. Oh, not in the laste; my eyes is tindher with the cowl, and the dark is more plasin' to me.

Bet. And if we were discovered it would be the ruin of me; for the colonel says to me the other day, "Betty," says he you've no followers;" "No, sir," says I. "I never allow my servants to have their husbands coming here."

Rory. Oh, the savage! sure, that's the laste comfort he might lave honest people.

Bet. Yis, indeed, Darby, jewel; and after all, there's no harm in an honest woman having her husband coming to see her.

Rory. Not the laste.

Bet. Not all as one as himself that going on with pretty doings. Another man's wife, indeed! now, as for me, though I'm poor, I'm honest, and it is my own husband I have, at all events. Sure I could ruin the colonel if I liked—if I only told Mr. Scrubbs.

Rory. The collector is it?

Bet. Yes—no less—his purty madam, indeed, comes over here on a visit, *by the way*, sometimes—and I know what I know.

Rory. Thru for you dear!

Bet. Sure I could; Scrubbs himself is here with his yeomanry now, and madam is gone back to her own house—oh, the jade!

Rory. So the colonel is a gay desaver, Betty.

Bet. Wicked you mane—oh, Darby, Darby. I'd die before I'd be false to my husband!

Rory. To be sure you would my darlin. (*drinks.*)

Bet. You're not eating, Darby, dear.

Rory. No; I'm drinking for variety.

Bet. Much good may it do you—and tell me how is Johnny?

Rory. (*aside.*) Who the d—l is Johnny, I wondher—I suppose her babby. (*aloud.*) Oh! Johnny's very well.

Bet. Bless his heart, he's a fine craythur—how well he got over it.

Rory. (*aside.*) I wondher what he got over. (*aloud.*) Yes,

indeed, he got over it iligant; oh; he jumps like a young cowlt.

Bet. Jumps!—ah! who ever heard of a child jumping over the measles?

Rory. Whisht! didn't you hear a noise?

Bet. No, not a bit o' noise—it's only the cat in the coal-hole.
[*Rises and listens at the coal-hole.*]

As you've done your supper, Darby, dear, you may as well come to sleep.

Rory. (*aside.*) By dad, this is what you may call a delicate situation.

Bet. Come to sleep, darling.

Rory. Whisht! didn't you hear it again?

Bet. No, I didn't—you can speak without being afraid, when your head is under the blankets.

Rory. I can't bear my head undher the blankets.

Bet. Why, you used to like it.

Rory. (*aside.*) I see there's no getting over it—I must tell her who I am. Betty, I've a grate saycret for you—a mighty grate saycret.

Bet. What is it?

Rory. Promise me you won't screech when I tell you.

Bet. Tell me; will you?

Rory. Take it aisy dear, for its mighty surprisin'—you must know then—

Bet. What?

Rory. I'm not Darby. (*BETTY gives a faint scream. RORY puts his hand on her mouth.*) Whisht, you fool—whisht! Have some wit in your anger; think o' your own charachther, Betty, if you've no regard for mine.

Bet. Oh, my charachther! my charachther!
(*A knock at the door is heard.*)

Col. H. (*outside*) Betty—Betty.

Bet. Oh, there's the colonel—hide somewhere.

Rory. I'll get into the bed.

Bet. No, no—not the bed.

Col. (*knocking.*) Betty—let me in, I say.

Bet. Here's the coal-hole; quick, quick. Coming, sir.

[*RORY hides in the coal-vault, and BETTY opens the kitchen door. The COLONEL enters half-dressed, with his night-cap on, carrying a bed-candle and drawn sword.*]

Col. Who have you in the house with you?

Bet. Nobody, sir.

Col. I heard you talking.

Bet. I always talk in my sleep, sir.

Col. I must search the place. (*goes to the coal-hole.*) Come out here, you robbers—you midnight assassins—

[*Stands in an attitude of timid defence, with his sword pointed towards the coal-hole. RORY throws his coat over the COLONEL'S head; the COLONEL falls, the candle is extinguished.*]

Col. Murder! thieves!—sentry! sentry!

Rory. Now is my time. (*upsets the table, jumps on the dresser.*)

[*BETTY screams; the drums beat to arms; RORY jumps out of the window into the arms of a SENTRY who appears outside; his musket goes off. BETTY faints, and curtain falls.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A guard-room—yeomen seated round a table, smoking and laughing—a lighted candle on the table—RORY seated on a low stool apart from them, L. H.*

Rory. They're mighty merry over there, and that's more than I am. Well, variety is charmin', as the owld song says. Bad cess to the chance that put me in their way; 'twas too hard afther escapin' so long, to be nabbed at last;—well, that's all luck, like the luck o' the starvin' calf, that lived all the winther, and died in the summer. They can't do worse nor hang me, any how, and that same's a comfort.—Talking of hanging, though,—this letter of Giniral Hoche's is not the safest bosom friend a man could have. (*takes the letter from his bosom.*) By my sowl, if this was seen it's the dear postage I'd have to pay for it;—faith, I'll disguise it—I'll twist it up like a bit o' match paper for lightin' my pipe, (*folds the letter into a narrow slip*), and now, I'll put it beside my doodeen; (*takes off his hat, and sticks the paper in the hatband, beside his pipe; replaces his hat on his head;*) there, now—I'm like a great many people in this world—I've a power o' knowledge outside o' my head.

[*Drum beats; the yeomen run from the table, and take their arms.*

Bill Jones. Ready, my lads; here's the commanding officer coming.

[*The door opens, and soldiers and two prisoners enter, one of whom is SOLDERING SOLOMON; he and RORY recognise each other.*

Sol. (*aside to RORY.*) You here!

Rory. (*aside to SOLOMON.*) Whisht! I'm not here at all—I'm purtending to be somebody else.

Sol. That's one of your Irish contrivances.

Rory. Yis; it's what we call an *alibi*. (*aside.*) I wish this owld vagabone wouldn't be talkin' to me.

Sol. But, I say—

Rory. Don't throuble yourself to be saying any more, I'm obliged to you, all the same; but I'm no ways consaited, and so you needn't purtend to know me.

Drum beats. Enter COLONEL THUNDER.

Hillo!—there's my friend of last night; by dad, I'm meeting all my owld acquaintances here.

Col. (to BILL JONES) Let those prisoners be searched ; they may have concealed arms or papers about them.

Rory. (aside.) Papers ! I have it ready just in time !

[Takes his pipe from his pocket, and approaches the table. BILL JONES is going to search Rory.]

Rory. (addressing BILL JONES.) I beg your pardon, but would you just let me light my pipe, if you please.

[Takes the letter from his hat, puts it in the candle, and lights his pipe with great composure, while BILL JONES makes a fruitless search in his pockets ; he throws down the burnt paper, and treads on it.]

Well, you didn't get much, I believe ; throth, it's very little I ever have in my pocket.

[The Colonel sits at a table, with pen, ink, and paper.]

Col. Where did you arrest this prisoner ?

Bill. In the street, your honour.

Col. (to RORY.) What account can you give of yourself ?

Rory. (stands with his back to the COLONEL ; speaks to BILL JONES.) Don't you hear his honour speaking to you ?

Col. No, sirrah ! 'tis to you I speak.

Rory. (turning round.) Oh ! I ax your honour's pardon.

Col. What account can you give of yourself, sir ?

Rory. Why, thin, indeed, it's not much I do in the way of accounts, your honour ; my little dalin' is most in the ready-money line, bekase no one will thrust me ; and it was in the regard of doin' a thrifle o'business that I kem to the town yistherday, your honour—it being market-day, and I had a slip of a pig to sell—and when I sowld the pig, which was not soon indeed, for pigs was not lively yistherday.

Col. It is of yourself, and not of your pig, I want to know.

Rory. Sure, that's what I'm comin' to, your honour—as I was saying, afther the pig was sowld. I goes to a public-house, and there I call'd for something to dbrink ;—and I dhrank it— and then afther that I was thinkin'—

Col. I don't want to know your thoughts, sir ; but how you came into the street ?

Rory. Sure, that's what I'm comin' to, your honour—as I was sayin', I called for somethin' to dbrink.

Col. You told me of the drink, before.

Rory. Oh, that was *another* drhink, your honour—

Col. Then you were drunk, I suppose.

Rory. Not all out, your honour, but *spiflicated* a thrifle.

Col. But how came you into the street at an unlawful hour ?

Rory. That's what I'm coming to, your honour—as I was saying, I got dbrowsy, and fell asleep—till I was woke with a ruction.

Col. What's that ?

Rory. A skrimmage, your honour.

Col. A fight you mean.

Rory. Yis, a little innocent sort of a fight, with sticks and chairs, and the like ; but I had nothin' to do with it, your honour ; and so them that was in it, seein' I wasn't amusin'

myself, got displas'd with my company, and at last they gave me a hint to lave the place.

Col. A hint—what hint, pray?

Rory. They kicked me down stairs, your honour.

Col. You don't look like a fellow would take such a hint quietly.

Rory. I'm obliged to your honour for your good opinion; and, indeed, I wouldn't, only in the regard of the weight o' the dhrink an me at the time, and so many of them about me.

Col. I'll have the landlord of that public-house severely punished, for keeping his house open at improper hours.

Rory. Indeed, 'twould sarve the blackguard right, your honour—divil mend him,—and long life to you for punishin' him, sir.

Col. Where was it?

Rory. Sir?

Col. Where was it, I say?

Rory. Where was it? why then—indeed that's what I can't tell your honor, for I was so dhrunk at the time, that—

Col. I see, sir; you forget, I suppose.

Rory. That's just it, your honor.

Col. I'll see if we can't refresh your memory. Sergeant!

(*BILL JONES comes forward.*)

take this fellow to the halberds—give him a dozen, and he'll remember fast enough.

Rory. (*aside.*) Bad luck to him, how ready he is with his cat o' nine tales. (*to COLONEL.*) I'd be sorry to give you and this gintleman so much throuble, sir; and before you say any more, if you'd ordher the room to be cleared, there's a saycret I have to tell your honour in private, which your honour would like to hear.

Sol. (*aside.*) Is he going to blab?

Col. Whatever you have to say you may speak at once.

Rory. Indeed, if your honor b'lieves me, it's something you would not wish to be public; something you'd like to know yourself, sir.

Col. Clear the room then.

(*RORY and the COLONEL are left alone.*)

Now—what is this secret you have to communicate?

Rory. Faix, Colonel, you were near ruinin' the thing altogether.

Col. What do you mean, fellow.

Rory. Sure I come to tell you about the misthriss beyant.

Col. About *what*?

Rory. Ah, you know yourself Colonel; she's up to the eyes in love with you.

Col. Who do you speak of, sirrah?

Rory. The misthriss, sir. Misthriss *Scrubbs*, your honor.

[*RORY fixes his eye keenly on the COLONEL, who winces under his look.*]

Augh! but you're a divil among the women, Colonel, dear.

Col. Fellow, how dare you—

Rory. Whisht, whisht! they'll hear you outside. Mrs. Scrubbs sent me over to tell you, that as owld Scrubbs is away with his yeomen, may be you'd come our way some evening, just to take tay with her.

Col. (aside.) What an imprudent woman!—this ruffian has me in his power. (*To RORY.*) Here, my honest fellow, here's a guinea for you.

Rory. Faith, I don't deserve it.

Col. Tut! tut! you must take it; and tell your mistress I wish she would *write* another time.

Rory. Oh, then, do you think I'd tell on you? Not I, in throth! I wouldn't spoil sport for the world.

Col. Hush!

Rory. Mum! I dare say she makes very nice tay; do you like it green or black, Colonel? And, as for the writin', Colonel—she would write, only she suspects them in the post-office.

Col. Indeed!

Rory. Yes; they have a way of crumplin' up the letthers, you see, this way, and lookin' through them, for all the world like a spy-glass; and they might see "My darlin' Colonel," or—

Col. Poo! poo!

Rory. Be aisy; sure you're the divil among the girls, and no wondher, an iligant gentleman like you would—

Col. Enough, enough! (*goes to the door and opens it.*) Enter!

YEOMEN and PRISONERS enter as before.

Col. This man is free; I am quite satisfied with the account he gives of himself; and, as a reward for his fidelity, he shall have a pass. (*signs a pass at the table.*)

Sol. (aside.) A pass! then he is a traitor, and Munseer De Welskin must hear of it.

Col. (rising from table.) There! (*gives a paper to RORY.*) this will bear you free from military arrest at all times.

Rory. (to COLONEL.) Good bye, your honor, and long life to you; and may you always have a good appetite for your tay.

Col. Clear the room—turn out the guard. [*Exit RORY.*

[*Roll of drum. Exit COLONEL. Stage is cleared, and scene changes.*

SCENE II.—O'MORE'S cottage, as before; a large meal-barrel stands at the back of the stage.

Enter DE LACY in a dressing-gown.

De L. I am surprised O'More has not yet returned; I hope no disappointment has arisen in the communication from France; or, still worse, that no mishap has befallen Rory. He's a fine fellow—indeed, all the family are to be admired; his excellent mother, his pretty sister—by the by, I must not let myself grow weak on that subject; she's a sweet creature, and, were she of higher birth, I would not ask a fairer wife; but De Lacy must not marry a peasant girl, and would not betray one. So have a care, Mister De Lacy.

(MARY O'MORE *sings outside.*)

Oh! come to the west, love; oh! come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea.

De L. Those words are mine that she sings; how could she get them?

MARY *enters, R. H.; starts, on seeing DE LACY.*

Mary. I beg your pardon, sir; I did not think you were here.

De L. And if you knew I were here, that is no reason why you should not enter, Mary; but perhaps you would not have been singing so near me.

Mary. (aside.) He has heard me—oh, sir! I was only—

De L. Singing a song of mine—and I wonder how you got the words.

Mary. They were written on a slip of paper, sir; and folded in the pages of the book you were so kind as to give me.

De L. But where got you the music?

Mary. It is an air I have known from my childhood—often has my mother put me to sleep in her arms while singing it.

De L. Then sing it to me now.

Mary. Oh sir! I should be ashamed—I am so unused to sing before any body.

De L. Take courage, Mary—you have a willing audience.

Song.—MARY.

THE LAND OF THE WEST.*

Oh! come to the west, love; oh! come there with me,
'Tis a sweet land of verdure that springs from the sea;
Where fair plenty smiles from her emerald throne.
Oh! come to the west, and I'll make thee my own;
I'll guard thee, I'll tend thee, I'll love thee the best,
And you'll say there's no land like the land of the west.

The south has its roses, and bright skies of blue;
But ours are more sweet with love's own changeful hue,
Half sunshine, half tears, like the girl I love best—
Oh! what is the south to the beautiful west!
Then come there with me, and the rose on thy mouth,
Will be sweeter to me than the flow'rs of the south.

The north has its snow-tow'rs of dazzling array,
All sparkling with gems in the ne'er setting day,
There the storm-king may dwell in the halls he loves best,
But the soft breathing zephyr he plays in the west;
Then come to the west where no cold wind doth blow,
And thy neck will seem fairer to me than the snow.

* The first and last verses only are sung on the stage.

The sun in the gorgeous east chaseth the night,
 When he riseth refreshed in his glory and might ;
 But where doth he go when he seeks his sweet rest ?
 Oh ! doth he not haste to the beautiful west ?
 Then come there with me, 'tis the land I love best,
 'Tis the land of my sires ! 'tis my own darling west.

De L. Thanks, Mary, thanks.

(*Rory sings outside.*)

Ha !—here's Rory returned.

Enter RORY at the door.

Rory. Good morrow, sir—good morrow, Mary—how's the mother ?

Mary. All well, Rory.

Rory. That's right—lave us alone, Mary dear ; I want to spake a word to Misther De Lacy. [*Exit MARY at the door.*]

De L. Well, Rory, have you got any news ?

Rory. Plenty, faith.

De L. What is it ?

Rory. Throth it's all ended in smoke.

De L. What ! no assistance ?

Rory. I didn't say that.

De L. But you said 'twas all ended in smoke.

Rory. And so it is, faith, as far as the news goes—for it was all in a letter, that I burned ; and so I think it's ended in smoke afther that.

De L. Burned the letter !

Rory. Yis ; only I burned it, the whole thing would ha' been blown.

De L. How do you mean *blown* ?

Rory. Why, I mane blown ; don't you know what blown is ?—when any thing is done intirely.

De L. Discovered, you mean.

Rory. You may say, diskivered, if you plase ; but we say blown ; sure how do you diskiver a rose but by its bein' blown ; or how do you find out a tune on the jarman flute but by its being blown—and—

De L. Well, Rory, you've given examples enough—but about this letter. How *could* you burn it ?

Rory. Very aisy, faith—I just held it over the candle.

De L. (*rather angry.*) O'More, this is trifling.

Rory. Thrifling is it?—faith if you were there yourself Misther De Lacy, you would say 'twas no thrifle to be catch by the sojers, and put in the guard-house.

De L. What ! taken by the military ?

Rory. Yis—they've mighty takin' ways with them.

De L. Then you burnt the letter to prevent discovery—O'More, pardon my haste—you're a glorious fellow ! I'll never forget it:

Rory. Nor I either, faith !

De L. Were you long under arrest ?

Rory. Devil a rest I had at all—but it's a long story, and the ind of it is, I kept the letther as long as I could—and when I could keep it no longer with safety, I burned it—that's what good sojers calls resarving their fire—and then what do you think, but an old flustherin' fool of a colonel was so bamboozled by a little bit of a story I invinted, that he gave me a pass. (*produces it.*)

De L. Why, Rory, you're a prodigiously clever fellow.

Rory. Not at all—it wasn't I was clever—'twas only the colonel was a fool. (*shows the pass.*) Look at it—there it is with a big sale at one ind, and his superscription at the other. Faix, that's the thing, if the sojers ever stops one, that will pay the turnpike—read it. (*reads.*) “Give the bearer purtection at all times—apperceand—apperceand—apperceand.”

De L. *Et cetera*, you mean.

Rory. Oh, it's all the same in Irish. Come into your own room here, sir, and I'll tell you more about it.

[RORY and DE LACY retire to DE LACY's apartment.]

Enter DE WELSKEIN and MARY O'MORE; DE WELSKEIN speaks outside, previously to his entrance.

Mary. What's your pleasure, sir?

De W. My plaisir alvais is to look 'pon so sharming preety demoiselle as von leetel lady wis blue eyes as I see before me.

Mary. Your business, sir?

De W. My bastiness!—my bastiness, mademoiselle, is not bastiness at all; is ees a profession—I am capitaine—soche a beautiful ship as mine—vous you like to tek a leetle voyage wis me?

Mary. (*aside.*) What an odd man!

De W. You shoos be queen of my leetel sheep. (*puts his arms round MARY's waist.*)

Mary. I don't understand such liberties, sir.

De W. Poor ignorant people, dey do not onderstan' liberté! my dear, if you come wis me to La belle France, I will taish you liberté.—Ah! if you see my beautiful contrey—I tink I see it now. (*shuts his eyes, and stretches forth his hands with enthusiasm; MARY retires R.H.*). Sush beautiful wine!—sush beautiful brandee!—sush beautiful revolusion!—sush beautiful everyting!—bot nussing so beautiful as you, my dear. (*looks round.*) Sacré! she gone away;—ah, leetel rog! vary pret—shoos like her for my leetel sheep ver moche.—No wonder Monsieur De Lacy like to leeve in dis leetel cottage wis such sharming compagnie.

Enter DE LACY and RORY from apartment.

Bon jour, citoyen capitaine—

De L. De Welskein!

De W. Oui, monsieur,—and you, sair, (*to RORY.*) what for you run away from me de usser night?

Rory. Did you ever see a pig runnin' very fast?

De W. Peeg?—*cochon?*

Rory. No, not in a coach, at all, but on his own two legs.

De W. Peeg, sair, has four legs.

Rory. Yis, and hind legs, too; well, did you ever see him runnin', Mr. Divilskin?

De W. Yais, sair.

Rory. And do you know the raison he runs?

De W. No, sair.

Rory. Well, then, I'll tell you; and it's the same raison I run from you th'other night—and remember it now, for it's worth remembrin'.—Whenever you see a pig runnin' very fast, the raison is, that he's in a hurry.

[*Exit RORY through door; DE WELSKEIN goes to the door, and looks through the keyhole.*]

De L. Why all this caution?

De W. (*puts his finger to his lip in token of silence, and gets close to DE LACY.*) Dere is a great rascal very near you! Rory O'More is a traitor!

Re-enter RORY hastily.

Rory. (*to DE WELSKEIN.*) That's the last lie you towld.

De W. Sacré!

Rory. Ah, howld your prate, you dirty furriner. Mистер De Lacy, here is Scrubbs and his yeomen all powdherin' down the road, and if owld Divilskin is seen we're lost.

Enter MARY, hastily, R. H.

Mary. Oh, sir, the soldiers are all surrounding the house.

De W. We are betray—he sent for de sojere. (*points to RORY.*)

Rory. (*to DE LACY.*) Make that fool hide himself, or we're ruined—here, let him get into the male-tub. (*uncovers the barrel.*)

De W. No, no, you wans to kesh me in a trap.

De L. Quick—hide yourself.

De W. (*to MARY.*) My dear, coos you not poot me undere your bede.

Rory. Get in there, you owld thief.

[*DE LACY and RORY force him to hide.*]

De W. (*getting into the tub.*) Sacré! I do not like him.

[*He is concealed, and RORY sits on the barrel.*]

Enter SCRUBBS and two armed yeomen.

Scr. You, outside, there, keep watch! don't let any one escape!—see that nothing gets out of the chimney.

Rory. Except the smoke.

Scr. Silence, fellow. Treason is abroad! villany is abroad! and now, sir, (*to DE LACY,*) who are you?

De L. What I am inclined to think you are *not*, sir.

Scr. A French rebel, you mean.

De L. No, sir; an Irish gentleman.

[*During this dialogue RORY has taken DE LACY'S coat, which hangs on the back of a chair, and puts the pass into the pocket.*]

Rory. (*approaching DE LACY.*) Mr. De Lacy, you'd better

put on your coat, sir, or you'll get cowld. (*aside to DE LACY.*)
The colonel's pass is in the pocket.

[*DE LACY takes off his dressing gown, and is assisted by RORY to put on the coat. RORY then retires to DE LACY'S room.*]

De L. Will you excuse me while I change my dress?

Scr. Well 'pon my honour, this is what I call taking it easy, —change his dress!—I'll make him change his tone, I think. Do you know who I am, sir?—I'm a magistrate, sir; and I arrest you in the king's name. (*advancing.*)

De L. (*presenting a case of pistols which he has taken from his pocket.*) Come on, sir.

Sc. (*retreating behind the yeomen.*) Don't dare to present a pistol at a magistrate. (*to yeomen.*) Advance and seize him!

De L. (*hands him the pass, yeomen hang back.*) If you can read, sir, look at that.

Scr. (*taking the letter at the sword's point.*) Bless my soul!—a pass from Colonel Thunder. (*to DE LACY.*) My dear friend, this is, indeed, a surprise; I beg a thousand pardons—all done in a mistake: but in these times, you know, my dear friend, magistrates must be vigilant.

De L. And be careful of their personal safety.

Scr. Certainly, as you most judiciously remark. (*to yeomen.*) Quit this worthy gentleman's house directly. (*yeomen linger.*) Allow me, sir, to assure you of my eternal friendship.

De L. Sir, I scorn alike your friendship and—

Scr. Ah—hem! (*to yeomen.*) Why don't you go?

[*Exeunt yeomen.*]

You were saying something about friendship, sir.

De L. I say, sir, I scorn alike your friendship and your hostility.

Scr. I must say, my dear friend, I think that *rayther* hard.

De L. If you do not relish what I say, sir, here are pistols, and there's fair ground in the field behind the house. (*offers pistols.*)

Scr. By no means, my dear friend. Do you think I'd shoot a friend of Colonel Thunder's?—oh, dear! you mistake me—I'm not a bloodthirsty person—merely jocular, as I say—jocose—and, now that I find you are what you ought to be, I'll have great pleasure in staying and having a drop o' something with you.

De L. (*presenting a pistol.*) Go, sir!

Scr. Eh!

De L. Go, sir!

Scr. Oh! (*retreating to door.*)

De L. Go, sir!

Scr. Good morning!

De L. I'll see him safe into his saddle.

[*Exit.*]

[*Exit.*]

[*DE WELSKEIN rises from the barrel, turns round, and exhibits his face and dress smeared with flour.*]

De W. Sacré! I am smuzzere! (*gets out of the barrel, and replaces the lid.*) Ha! phew! what cowheart is dat gentleman

sojere.—Big feddere—little courage.—Monsieur De Lacy brave garçon!—Go, sair!—(*mimics.*)—hah!—Go, sair!—ho! *Sacre! quel poltron.* I like to see de man vouds do dat to me! by gar, I would pull his nose. I vondre vere is dat lissel girl: she go dis way, me tinks; I will go dare too—hide myself in de *rideau* of her curtain bed.—By gar, me aff very mosche *audace* ven a lady in de case. [Exit, R. H.]

Re-enter RORY from DE LACY'S room.

Rory. Ha! ha! ha! By the powers Mr. De Lacy done that iligantly. Oh how politely he landed owld Scrubbs out o' the place—the cowardly thief o' the world! I suppose poor Divilskin is nigh hand smothered by this time, I must let him out. (*knocks on the lid of the barrel.*) Divilskin, come out; (*lifts the lid, and looks in;*) by dad, he is out. Where is he gone?—he did not go out, or I'd ha' seen him out of the window of Mr. De Lacy's room; and he didn't come in there, sartinly; and there's no other place for him to go to, barrin' he'd go into Mary's sleepin'-room, and he wouldn't have the impidance to do that, I suppose—though 'pon my conscience I don't think that fellow's modesty would shut any door agin him. (*takes up a three-legged stool.*) I'll go look for him there, and if he has had the assurance to go into Molshee's sleepin' room, I'll comb his head with this stool. (*Exit, R. H.; a thumping and roaring is heard within.*) Come out, you thief, come out o' that.

Re-enter DE WELSKEIN and RORY.

De W. What de devil, saire, you do dat for?

Rory. I was only dustin' the flies off the curtain, munseer.

De W. *Sacré*; but why for you brek my back? you cannot mend him for me.

Rory. Mend your own back, and I'll mend your manners. I'll be bound you'll not play hide and go seek in the bed-curtains again—eh! Divilskin?

De W. Ha! you dam fellowe, you hit my head—pretty joke.

Rory. That's what we call cracking a joke, in Ireland. See Divilskin; listen to me—

De W. Well, sair.

Rory. I towld you why a pig runs fast, and I showed you how we dust bed-curtains, and now I'll show you the door.

De W. I know ver well, sair, what is de door.

Rory. Yes; but you don't seem to know the use of it. You see in Ireland the use of a door is to put a blackguard at th' other side of it—so get out.

De W. What, sair!

Rory. Be off—cut your stick!

De W. No, sair!—what you mean, sair?—you not dare to turn me out, sair!

Rory. Faith, I'll turn you inside out, if you're not out o' this in one minit.

De W. I will not, sair!

Rory. (*holding out his arm in a menacing attitude.*) Look at that, Divilskin—I'm getting mighty ticklish about the elbow.

De W. Oh! good morning sair. (*going.*)

Rory. Get out, you impidint thief!

[*RORY kicks him out; scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*A view of wild hills; a richly-clouded sunset.*

Enter KATHLEEN, R. H.

Kath. How beautifully the sun is setting; the clouds are piled up, like palaces of fairy land, and the golden beams come shooting out through the bright chinks, as if the halls were illuminated for merry-making; but it is the king of the storm will hold his feast amongst them, for that bright sunset looks troubled. Yes; all those bright and glowing clouds will soon be scattered by the storm! I know not why, but that sunset makes me sad.

Enter SHAN DHU, L. H. at the back—who advances and taps KATHLEEN on the shoulder.

Shan. Where are you going, Kathleen?

Kath. Home. (*aside.*) His presence at this moment chills me.

Shan. Why do you seem as if you feared me?

Kath. Fear? Do not think I fear you.

Shan. You shun me; and that looks like fear.

Kath. Nay, it is you who shun our meeting. I live in your mother's house, Shan, and if you did not shun your mother's house, we should meet oftener.

Shan. If I do shun my mother's house, it is for the sake of the cruel girl that will not make it a happy home to me.

Kath. No, no, Shan, there are other causes; there's a wild glen in the hills yonder; there's an old ruin of no good repute in that wild glen; and they say that some, wilder than the glen itself, make it their haunt. You know the place I mean.

Shan. And if I know it, it is that the wild glen is made more welcome to me than the thatched roof. Your love would make the thatched roof pleasanter than the wild glen.

Kath. You deceive yourself. Shan, you have never been to the mother who nursed you, what a son should be; and from such, the wife can have no hope—the son is the forerunner of the husband.

Shan. You would not speak so, if you did not love another. I know it. You love Rory O'More—do not attempt to deny it. Ah, Kathleen! you knew me longer than him; from childhood you have known me; and yet to him, the acquaintance of later years, you have given your love.

Kath. Talk not of your boyhood! even as a child I did not love you; do you remember the day I prayed you not to rob the poor bird's nest, and you laughed at me and called me a fool, and did it? From that hour, Shan, our hearts were separate. There's an old saying, Shan:

The feather shows how the wind blows;

The straw tells how the stream flows.

Good bye, Shan—I am going home.

Shan. (*detaining her.*) Kathleen, this is the last time I shall ever ask you; beware how you refuse me—beware how you turn love into hate.

Kath. Shan Dhu!—Shan Dhu!—The man who truly loves could never in the same breath speak of hate—farewell.

Shan. Go not yet!—Even though you reject me, I have love enough left to preserve you from a deceiver.

Kath. What mean you?

Shan. Rory O'More has already betrayed one woman, and may deceive you.

Kath. 'Tis false! I know 'tis false.

Shan. If you will not believe *me*—will you not believe his victim?—I have a witness of his falsehood.

Kath. I have a stronger witness to his truth.

Shan. Where?

Kath. Here, in my heart—

(*The sound of a distant bell is heard; SHAN DHU starts.*)

Hark to the chapel bell—does it not whisper to your conscience, Shan?—'tis long since you have heard the holy sound beneath the holy roof. (*SHAN lays hold of her arm.*) Let me pass. (*SHAN interrupts her no longer.*) I go to vespers.

[*Exit KATHLEEN, R. H.*]

Shan. The sound of that bell, and her parting words have made a coward of me—a creeping chill comes over me—I am a man no more, but tremble like a child—ah, when I *was* a child I knelt at prayer, and—

(*The bell sounds again.*)

It calls again!—yes, I *will* go to chapel. (*going, R. H.; DE WELSKFIN enters suddenly, L. H.*)

De W. Me tinks you said shappell.

Shan. Well—and suppose I did—many a good man goes to chapel.

De W. So you vaunts to be a *goot* man—ah, mon ami, you af been a long time about eet—besser let im alone now—lissel girl vas here—mek you art soft—'ead grows soft wid de art—but de art grows strong vid de brandee—come wis me—come to de Follée—I will be your frend, and Mistair Rory moste not mary your lissel girl—

Shan. Ha!—marry!

De W. You tink not me know—ha! ha!—come wis me—ve vill settel all about eet; you muss run away vid dat leetel girl—I vill run away vis anozet—you loaf Mistair Rory's *maitresse*—I loaf Mistair Rory's *sistair*—ve run away vis boas—dat vill be von *goot* revensh.

Shan. Revenge!—yes—revenge is sweet.

De W. Sairtanlie—and it ees *vairy*, *vairy* sweet indeet, ven you mix him wis a leetel brandee—come along vis me.

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A pass leading into a glen—night—wind and rain.*

Enter SCRUBBS, R. H.

Scr. Bless my soul, what a storm! How it rains—how it whistles!—zounds, what a misfortune to lose my horse at such a moment!—poor devil's killed I suppose—well I wasn't killed too—but what *am* I to do?—five miles from home in this wild country, and to walk it too. If I meet any of these lawless ruffians I am a gone man. (*a shout outside.*) Bless me! some one is near—what am I to do? (*hides.*)

RORY enters, L.H. carrying a crowbar.

Rory. 'Pon my conscience, this is a nice night for young ducks, tare an ounthy how its powerin' rain! (*thunder and lightning.*) Phew!—there's more of it.

Scr. (*coming forward.*) Why Rory, my dear friend, this is so fortunate!

Rory. Is it fortunate to be cotch in a storm?

Scr. No; but to meet a friend under such circumstances—I have lost my horse—I have lost my way—I have lost my courage.

Rory. Well, nobody will break their shins over that.

Scr. Rory, my man, you must let me go along with you—you will guide me—you will take care of me—which way are you going?

Rory. Home, through the glen.

Scr. The glen! you wouldn't go through that horrid *lonely* place—the road is safer.

Rory. All places are safe enough for me. (*thunder.*)

Scr. Oh, dear! (*leans against RORY.*) I say, Rory, what's this you have in your hand?—why, I declare it's an iron crowbar!

Rory. Did you ever see a wooden crowbar?

Scr. No; but it's such an odd thing to carry about with you—what do you want with it?

Rory. Just to pick my teeth.

Scr. You do say such odd things! But really—this crowbar—such an odd thing to have—how comes it?

Rory. Why, I lent it to Larry Lanigan, at the sign of the dead horse kicking the blind man's eyes out.

Scr. The what?

Rory. The public-house beyant, you know. Well, his wife makes her punch so sthrong, that she bent all her silver-spoons sthrivin' to stir it, and so I lent her the crowbar to mix it. But come along if you're comin'—for there's no fun in stayin' here. (*thunder.*)

Scr. Oh, dear. But you're not going that way in this dreadful storm—the river will have risen so high as to make the glen impassable.

Rory. The pass at the head of the glen is not yet flooded.

Scr. But that river.

Rory. Are you afraid it will bite you?

Scr. No; but it may drown me.

Rory. Them that's born for hanging, will never be dhrowned, and there will be worse than the river in the glen, when you're there.

Scr. O'More, you *do* say such odd things—don't go that way—don't! (*thunder and lightning.*) Oh, dear!

Rory. Faith! I won't stay here any how, so you may stay or come, just as you plaze.

Scr. But may I depend that—

Rory. Mr. Scrubbs, may be you're afraid o' me—now I don't want your company at all; and, if I wanted to harm you, here's a crowbar, and a mighty convaynient place. Now I'd rather you'd go your own way. (*going.*)

Scr. No, no! my dear O'More—don't leave me.

Rory. Well, I'm going through the glen,—and if you're so afraid of your own company as to prefer mine, why, follow me.

Scr. Well, don't go far from me, at all events.

[*Exit RORY, R. H.; SCRUBBS lays hold of the skirt of his coat, and follows.*]

SCENE V.—*A large vaulted subterranean apartment; a door high up in the back wall, with a ladder leading down from it into the vault; a large grated window in one of the side walls, which must be distinctly seen by the audience, and large enough to permit the characters to be seen passing behind it; a lamp hangs from the roof; FLANNERTY, PIERRE, and others seated on blocks of stone round some rude planks, supported tablewise on stones also; a large pot hangs suspended over a turf fire; the characters are drinking.*

Pie. Pass the brandy round again; here's a toast: Bad luck to Scrubbs the collector.

Fla. He won't trouble us much longer.

Pie. No; when De Welskein comes, his fate will be settled. I wonder what keeps him.

SOLOMON appears at the grated window.

Sol. Good boys—good boys—all at school and minding your lesson.

Pie. Welcome old fellow—come down.

[*SOLOMON disappears from the grate.*]

Old soldering Solomon is never late when there is mischief in the wind.

SOLOMON descends the ladder.

Omnes. Welcome old Sol.—welcome!

Pie. So you're come to school too.

Sol. Yes; but I haven't got a book with me. I'll take a leaf out of yours. (*takes PIERRE's brandy-flask and drinks.*)

The Munseer is not come yet.

DE WELSKEIN and SHAN DHU appear at the gate ; DE WELSKEIN puts his head through the bars.

De W. (from above.) Who told you so, sair ? (retires.)

Sol. Talk of the devil—here he comes.

DE WELSKEIN and SHAN DHU descend the ladder.

De W. Now den for de bizziness. Firste I mind de *potage*, and den we moste mak littel commeetay of poobleek sefty. Now Mistair Solsodderman, you open dis affaire.

[DE WELSKEIN lays hold of a large cooking ladle.

Sol. Yes ; but I'll open this affair first. (uncorks the brandy and drinks again.)

De W. Ah, you old feesh ! (goes over to the fire, and attends the boiling pot.)

Sol. Now, gentlemen—this collector you know—this Scrubbs, he has got our friend Darby Daly in jail—he's to swear against him at the next 'sises ; and so sure as he does, Darby goes over the herring-pond. Now, I says that Scrubbs must be put out o' the way.

Omnes. Ay ! Ay !

Fla. Give him a dog's knock.

Shan. I don't like murder.

Fla. Don't you ? are you afraid of his ghost—eh ?

De W. Settel ees ash.

Sol. Dead men tell no tales.

Shan. But murder speaks out.

Sol. And that's the only objection you have to it.

De W. Solsodderman ees roight ! de ded mans has no tails, I moste minde my paut, or he vill run over de vay.

Fla. But about Scrubbs—that's our great business.

Sol. I say, dead men tell no tales.

Pie. Wouldn't it do to send him over sea ?

Shan. Yes ; and if you take my advice there is another you'll send along with him.

Pie. Who ?

Shan. Rory O'More.

De W. (aside.) Settel von ting at von time—suppose you let de collectere come over de say vis me—he may speak mosh as he like in France.

Sol. Dead men tell no tales.

Shan. Bloodthirsty villain !

De W. What moste it be ?—to kil im or to tek im vis me. Poot up your 'ans—shall de collectere go over de vatterre ?

Omnes. (holding up hands.) Ay ! Ay !

De W. Von, two, tree, four, seven, five, eleven—dat vil do—he go over de vatterre.

Sol. Now that you've settled that, we may as well play a game of cards, while the Munseer is minding the cooking.

Shan. What stakes shall we play for ?

Sol. The larger the better—I don't like losing time for shabby stakes. (a party sit down to play.)

[DE WELSKEIN goes round the table, and looks at all the cards, giving SOLOMON an occasional signal.]

De W. Very goot cars indeed. Ver nice play, sair; ha! you old rog—you play besser dan any bodie—by gar you vin him.

[DE WELSKEIN skims the pot while the deal is made, and goes through the same manœuvres at the game; SOLOMON wins again.]

Shan. Why Solomon you are winning every thing.

Sol. Oh, that's nothing to what I can do—down with the stakes again.

[All lay down their stakes, and after playing a round, a vivid flash of lightning crosses the grated window followed by a loud peal of thunder.]

Shan. (starting.) What a dreadful peal!

Sol. Mind your play. (thunder.)

Shan. No; I'll play no more.

De W. Sacré, what you 'fraid for! tonzer and lighthouse is nussing but nature. You moight as vell be afraid of de sun and de moon, and de stars, as de tonzer; it is all nature—and all nature is nussing at all but—(a tremendous peal of thunder, DE WELSKEIN looks serious)—by gar, dere is great shange in de wedder!

[All the players rise from the game, and leave the money on the table.]

Shan. I'll go.

Sol. You fool, you are safer here, under these arches. (a tremendous peal, and vivid lightning.)

Shan. I'll stay no longer.

[As he ascends the ladder, a thunderbolt falls, and is followed by a loud crash, and a large mass of the building falls across the entrance.]

Horror! horror! the door is blocked up.

[Great consternation appears among the group.]

Pie. And the fire is going out. The waters are rising under the foundations.

[SHAN DHU lights a torch and waves it at the window; the waters rise rapidly within the vaults; the smugglers run to and fro, making exclamations of fear; the table is placed near the window, and they stand upon it; RORY O'MORE and SCRUBBS appear above, at the grating; the smugglers exclaim, "Save us, save us!" RORY wrenches the bars from the window with the crow-bar, and SHAN DHU, DE WELSKEIN, and others get out; they seize RORY and SCRUBBS.]

Shan. Victory! they're our prisoners!

[They form a tableau, and the curtain falls.]

[The mechanism of the Adelphi Theatre, rendered the rising of the waters in the foregoing very effective; but in the case of provincial theatres, which might not have the command of such scenic effect, the following arrangement of the scene is recommended:]

SCENE V.—*Exterior of the ruins of the Folly—A large arch, with iron gratings in the foreground, through which is seen a vault, lighted with a lamp—A fire burns within it, over which is suspended an iron pot—Two or three figures are seen within—The exterior is under the effect of moonlight, the interior under that of fire-light—FLANNERTY, PIERRE, and two others are discovered outside, drinking—The dialogue then proceeds, the same as in the foregoing scene, with such alterations of changing the situation from interior to exterior, as the business of the scene requires, till the smugglers having finally gone into the vault to play their game, are there made prisoners by the thunderbolt throwing down the building, and blocking up the entrance; at the same time the walls and roof appear to give way, and the waters are seen to pour downwards upon them, when they rush to the bars and cry for help, while they endeavour to pull down the grating, at which moment RORY and SCRUBBS enter, and the following dialogue ensues:*

Enter RORY and SCRUBBS.

Rory. Hubbaboo! what's this—Misther Divilskin, is that you?

De W. Rory? boy—help us—help us—ve vill be drowned if you do naut mek hase.

Rory. Faith, you're a quare fish to be in the wather there.

Omnes. Let us out! Let us out!

Rory. Faix, it's I that will do that same. Now you'll see Misther Scrubbs, the use of this little toothpick o' mine—for you see I'll pick them fellows out o' the jaws o' death with it.

Scr. Let them out, Rory—don't!

Rory. Why you hard-hearted villain, do you think I'd lave them to perish with hunger and thirst in the wather?

De W. Oh! Rory, mek hase, mek hase!

Rory. Make hay—yis, while the sun shines so beautiful. (*wrenches the bars.*) There!—and there!—now you've room to get out; give us your fist, you poor dhrowned rat. (*assists DE WELSKEIN to get out, the rest follow.*)

De W. Tank you, Mistair Rory, tank you—merci, merci!

Rory. 'Twas a mercy, sure enough, ould Divilskin, and you ought to say your prayers after it.

Shan. (*pointing to SCRUBBS.*) See, who's behind him—the collector!

Rory. And what if it is?

Shan. Birds of a feather flock together!

Rory. Shan Dhu you're a slandherous villain; I met this

man at the mouth o' the glen: he asked me to lead him in safety through it; I promised I would, and Rory O'More never broke his faith yet.

Shan. You hold your head mighty high, Mither O'More.

Rory. No higher than an honest man *may* hold it. See, boys; I considher myself bound in honour to this man.

Shan. (*contemptuously.*) Your honour! indeed—seize them! (*advancing.*)

Rory. If you have not the spark of honour, at least have the spark of gratitude. I saved your lives this minute, you dbroundin' rats as you were, and all I ask is to let us pass unharmed.

De W. See. Mistair Rory—we shall not do you no harm, but dis jentelman most coame wis me. (*advancing.*)

Rory. (*interposing.*) See, Divilskin—just keep your five fingers off o' that man—he's in my company, and must not be touched.

Omnès. No!—No! give us the collector—the collector.

De W. De collectere!

Scr. (*clinging to RORY.*) Oh Rory, don't betray me.

Rory. Betray you!—*that* word to me, after what you've heard; bad luck to you, you cowardly hound; pull out your ould toasting-fork and fight like a man for it.

Scr. (*clings close.*) Oh Rory—Rory!

De W. Give him up, sair.

Rory. (*to SCRUBBS.*) Bad luck to you, let me go, or I can't fight.

De W. Will you give him up? (*draws.*)

Rory. Whoever gets him must walk over my body first. (*throws himself into a posture of defence.*)

Shan. I told you this—Rory O'More, you're a traitor!

Rory. Shan Dhu, you're a liar!

Shan. Down with them!

[*The characters form a tableau, SHAN DHU standing in triumph over RORY.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of O'MORE's cottage.*

Enter DE LACY, and MARY, L. H.

De L. I wish I could be as hopeful as you, Mary.

Mary. But why do you despair, sir.

De L. I may talk to you of the cause, Mary; for you are a brave, as well as a good girl. You know the cause I speak of.

Mary. The cause of our country!

De L. Yes, Mary—alas! that cause, I fear, is lost.

Mary. Oh, say not lost, sir.

De L. Yes, lost; I find we have no hope of aid from France, and without it, must be hopeless.

Mary. A noble cause is never hopeless.

De L. Your sentiment is generous, Mary, but I fear me 'tis also fallacious.

Mary. We have an old saying in Ireland, sir, which has often inspired to noble deeds. Let me inspire you with that saying. Remember, that the darkest hour is the hour before day.

Song.—MARY.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

Bereft of his love and bereaved of his fame,
A knight to the cell of the old hermit came ;
“ My foes they have slander'd, and forced me to fly,
Oh ! tell me, good father, what's left, but to die !”
“ Despair not my son, thou'lt be righted ere long,
For Heaven is above us, to right all the wrong :
Remember the words the old hermit doth say ;
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day !”
Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

“ Then back to the tourney, and back to the court,
And join thee the bravest in chivalry's sport,
Thy foes will be there, and thy lady-love, too—
And show both thou'rt a knight that is gallant and true.”
He rode in the lists, all his foes he o'erthrew,
And a bright glance be caught from a soft eye of blue,
And he thought of the words the old hermit did say,
For her glance was as bright as the dawning of day ;
Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

The feast it was late in the castle that night,
And the banquet was beaming with beauty and light,
But fairest of all is the lady who glides
To the porch, where a knight with a fleet courser bides.
She paused 'neath the arch, at the fierce ban-dog's bark,
She trembled to look on the night—'twas so dark ;
But her lover he whisper'd, and thus did he say :
“ Sweet love it is darkest the hour before day !”
Oh ! the hour before day, &c.

De L. Brave girl !—such a song might well inspire to hopefulness.

Enter the WIDOW O'MORE, R. H.

Wid. Oh, Mr. De Lacy. My boy ! my boy !

De L. What of him ?

Wid. They have accused him of murder !

Mary. Oh, mother !

De L. Who have accused him ?

Wid. The collector's friends. Mr. Scrubbs is missing, and as Rory was the last person known to be in his company, they have accused him of his murder.

De L. Atrocious charge—but fear not, Mrs. O'More—Rory's innocence will be easily established.

Wid. I met poor Kathleen just now, wellnigh distracted; going to the glen of the Folly, where they say Rory and the collector were last seen—poor girl, her heart was breaking.

Mary. Mother, I will follow her—my brother, my brother—I would die to save him. [Exit MARY, R. H.]

De L. In the glen of the Folly, you say. Courage, Mrs. O'More; I will look in another direction. (*aside.*) I fear some of De Welskein's people may have done this—I know they have a retreat in the hills, I will hasten there; (*puts his haad to his pocket*;) I have my pistols. Mrs. O'More, be of good cheer—for I will lose my own life rather than a hair of Rory's head shall be harmed. [Exit, L. H.]

Wid. Heaven bless you, sir. [Exit, R. H.]

SCENE II.—*The retreat of the smugglers in the hills—a grated door in the background—a door leading into the retreat, at the side. Arms are lying about—barrels of gunpowder in one corner—a wood fire lighting on the hearth—RORY O'MORE discovered with his arms pinioned.*

Rory. Well, I often heer'd that bad company was the ruin of a man, and I know it now, for it was being along with that blackguard Scrubbs that got me into this scrape. Bad luck to them how tight they've tied me; oh, then if I could only get my hand loose I'd be a match for the vagabones yet. That's gunpowdher over there in the corner—I know that—and by dad, if I was only masher of my own pair o' five fingers, I'd make a bargain with them yet, would astonish them.

NELLY enters through side door.

Nel. Rory, do you forget me?

Rory. Forget you!—by my soul, to forget a purty face was never a failing o' mine, my jewel—and maybe my darlin' little colleen, you'd loosen these cords a thrife for me.

Nel. Hush! here's De Welskein—he shall loose you, or I'll know the reason why.

Enter DE WELSKEIN, through side door.

De W. Ah! ha! Miss Nelly—what for you coame to talk to dis fellowe—ha! ha! leetel coquette—you go mek my coffee ma'mselle.

Nel. I'll do nothing for you until that poor boy is loosed—aren't you a pretty set of men to tie up one among so many of you—I thought a Frenchman was too brave to fear one man.

De W. Fear! you say me fear!—Sacré! me not fear nineteen tousand seven men vaun hundrede. 'Tis not me ties him up, bote Monsieur Reggan; he fight so moshe.

Rory. Shan Dhu, is it? well, that's another thrifle I owe him. But he's not here now, and you need not keep me tied if you're not afraid.

De W. You moaste not say, Mr. Rory, me 'fraid. By gar, me cut you open dis moment vis my knife. (*feels in his pocket.*) Me not 'fraid of you; no, by gar, me like you, you soshe fonnee feylow; bote you bettere stay vis me, for, by gar, if you get away from here, you be hang.

Rory. (*aside.*) I'll be hang'd if I don't get from here.

De W. My knife not in my poche; I must go for him.

[*Exit through side door.*]

Rory. What does he mane, Nelly, dear, about my being hanged?

Nel. It's truth he tells you, Rory, you're safer here; Scrubbs is reported to be murdered, and they say you have done the job for him, and the soldiers will put the military law on you, if they catch you.

Rory. Is it me kill owld Scrubbs, the rap; I wouldn't dirty my fingers with the likes o' sitch varmint. Oh, my poor mother, and the sister and Kathleen, what will they say of the report agin me, and I not there to give the lie to it? See, Nelly, if it costs me my life I must get out o' this place.

Nel. And, if it costs me mine, I'll help you.

Re-enter DE WELSKEIN, PIERRE, and FLANNERTY.

De W. Now, sair, me cote you open.

[*Cuts the knot of RORY's cord, and unwinds it from the stick with which he is pinioned.*]

Dere, me like you; you are soshe fonnee rascal.

[*PIERRE stretches himself on the ground, FLANNERTY sits on one of the barrels of gunpowder.*]

Rory. Thank you, Divilskin. Oh, murther! I'll never get the use of my arms agin.

[*Swings back his arms and nearly knocks down DE WELSKEIN.*]

De W. Ha! what devil of nelbow you aff, sair; you moste not do dat again; you moste be quiet, now dat I cut you open; if you not be quiet I blow you to the devil. See dere sair, (*points to the gunpowder,*) do you know what is dat over dere, dat dis fellow sit upon him?

Rory. It's not soap, I suppose, or he'd wash his face.

De W. No, sair, it is gunpowzer; and dere is fuzils and plunderpush nuff to blow you forty tousan' time to nussing at all. So you be quiet sair.

Rory. Oh, I'll be as quiet as an oyster; but may be you'll tell me what you've done with owld Scrubbs?

De W. Nevere you mind, sair; coame now, seet down by de fire, you shall aff someting to dreenk.

Rory. That same's a comfort.

[*They sit down by the fire; a coffee-pot and brandy-flask are beside it.*]

De W. Vaut vill you aff, cawffee or brandee.

Rory. Thank you, munseer, I'll take the brandy while the coffee's gettin' ready.

De W. Ha! ha! you fonnee feylow! by gar you are de von great rog, Monsieur Rory.

Rory. Do you think so, Munseer!

De W. Ah, ha! von great rog, rascal, by gar.

Rory. Well, then, there's a pair of us, so here's your health, Divilskin, (*drinks,*) and if you're ever hang'd for being an honest man, it'll be a murdher.

De W. Tank you, Rory, tank you, my boy; (*shakes hands;*) but, by gar, you are de big rog. So cunning you are, *ma foi*, you are so cunning as dat littel animal vot runs about; vot you call 'im.

Rory. Magpies, is it?

De W. No, no, no!

Rory. Magpies is the cunnin'st bastes in the world.

De W. No, no, not dat! Bah! vot you call de littel ting vot runs about vid a broshe.

Rory. Sweeps, is it?

De W. No, no, no! animal vot runs about vid a tail.

Rory. Sure you run about with a tail. (*lays hold of DE WELSKAIN'S queue.*)

De W. I say dat animal vot de gentlemans runs aftere.

Rory. That's an heiress.

De W. No, no, no!—dat animal vot ve call *le reynard*.

Rory. Oh! sly reynard the fox, you mane.

De W. De Faux—de faux—dat is him; you be cunning as von faux, Mistair Rory.

Rory. Oh, the fox is a cunnin' baste, in throth; an' will you tell me Munseer, have yiz got foxes in France.

De W. Oh, yais, sairtanlee; faux very moshe.

Rory. I'll howld you a quart o' porther, that they're not to compare with the Irish foxes in the regard o' cunnin'.

De W. Ver moshe cunning, French faux.

Rory. Why, an Irish fox would sthrip a French fox of his skin, and sell it before his face, and th'other not know it.

De W. Bah! bah! bah!

Rory. Tut, man; you don't know what divils them Irish foxes is. Did you ever hear of the fox of Ballybothorum.*

De W. Ballabot—bosh—vaut you call him?

Rory. Ballybothorum; oh, that was the fox in airnest! divil such fox ever was before nor sense, as that same fox; and the thing I'm going to tell you happened to a relation of my own, one Mickee Rooney, that was a ranger in the sarvice of The Lord knows who.

De W. Lord Whaat?

* This story is taken from my first series of "Legends and Stories of Ireland;" by permission of Messrs. Baldwin and Craddock, and altered to a dramatic form. (AUTHOR.)

Rory. Lord knows who ; a great lord in them parts.

Pie. He's making game of you, Munseer.

Rory. Howld your gab, will you ? do you think, Munseer doesn't know a fox is game as well as you ?

De W. To bee sure. (*To PIERRE*) You mind your own bas-tiness, sair ; my own bastiness I know mysef.

Rory. Well, as I was tellin' you, Munseer, the ranger lived in a small taste of a cabin, beside the wood, all alone by himself, barrin' the dogs that was his companions.

De W. De daugs ?

Rory. Yes ; himself and the dogs was the only Christians in the place, and one night, when he kem home, wet and wairy wid the day's sport, he sot down beside the fire, just as we're sittin' here, and began smoking his pipe to warm himself, and when he tuk an air o' the fire, he thought he'd go to bed—not to sleep, you persave, but to rest himself, like ; so he took off his clothes and hung them to dhry forninst the fire, and then he went to bed, and an iligant bed it was ; the finest shafe o' sthraw you ever seen, lyn' over in the corner, as it might be there, (*points to the place where the gunpowder is stowed,*) and as he was lyn'in bed, thinking o' nothin' at all, and divartin' himself with lookin' at the smoke curlin' up out o' the fire, what should he see but the door open, and a fox march into the place, just as bowld as if the house was his own ; and he went over and sot down an his hunkers forninst the fire, and began to warm his hands like a Christian ; it's thruth I'm tellin' you.

De W. Staup, sair,—staup ! vere vas de daugs all dis time ?

Rory. The dogs ; oh, the dogs is it ? Oh, I didn't tell you that ! Oh, sure the dogs was runnin' about the wood at the time, ketchin rabbits—for the fox was listenin', you see, outside the door, and heer'd the ranger tell the dogs to go and ketch him a brace o' rabbits for his supper—for I go bail if the fox didn't know the dogs was out o' the place, the divil a toe he'd a put inside the ranger's house ; and that shows you the cunnin' o' the baste. Well, as he was sittin' at the fire, what do you think, but he tuk the ranger's pipe off o' the hob, and lights it in the fire, and begins to smoke, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

De W. Smoke ! de faux smoke !

Rory. Oh, yes ! all the Irish foxes smoke when they can get 'bakky ; and they are mighty fond o' short-cut when the dogs is afther them ! Well, Munseer, the ranger could hardly keep his timper at all, when he seen the baste smokin' his pipe, and with that, says he, it's fire and smoke of another kind I'll give you my buck, says he, takin' up his gun to shoot him ; but the fox had put the gun into a pail o' wather, and, of coorse, the divil a fire the gun would fire for the ranger.

De W. Ha, ha, ha ! sacré !

Rory. And the fox put his finger on his nose, just that-a-way, and laughed at him. Wow ! wow ! says the fox, puttin' out his hand and takin' up the newspaper to read.

De W. Sacré ! de newpeppair ? No, no, my boy.

Rory. Why, man alive, how would the fox know where the hounds was to meet next mornin' if he didn't read the paper*—sure that shows you the cunnin' o' the baste! Well, with that, the ranger puts his fingers in his mouth, and gives a blast of a fwistle you'd hear a mile off, for to call the dogs. Oh! is it for fwistlin' you are, says the fox, then it is time for me to lave the place, says he, for 'twould not be good for my health to be here when the dogs comes back. So he lays down the pipe on the hob; but, before he did, I must tell you, he wiped it with the end of his tail—for he was a dacent baste, and used his tail as nath'ral as a Christian would use the sleeve of his coat for a cowld in his nose—and then he was goin' to start; but the ranger seein him goin' to escape, jumps out o' bed and gets betune him and the door, and divil a start you'll start, says he, till the dogs comes back, you red rascal, and I'll have your head in my fist before long, says he, and that's worth a pound to me. I'll howld you a quart of porther, says the fox, I'll make you lave that. Divil a lave, says the ranger. Wow, wow! says the fox, I'm a match for you yet; and, what do you think, but he whips the ranger's breeches off the back o' the chair, and throws them into the fire, and he knew the divil another pair the ranger had to his back!

De W. Ha! ha! ha! by gar!

Rory. That'll make you start, says the fox. Divil a start, says the ranger; my breeches is worth half-a-crown, and your head's worth a pound, so I'll make seventeen and sixpence by the exchange. Well, you are the stupidist vagabone I ever met, says the fox, and I'll make you sensible at last, that you must let me go, for I'll burn you out o' house and home, says he; and with that, he takes up a piece o' lighted stick, just like this, (*takes a lighted brand from the fire,*) and runs over to the ranger's bed in the corner.

[*Upsets DE WELSKEIN, and runs over to the gunpowder. The SMUGGLERS and DE WELSKEIN exclaim, "Gunpowder! gunpowder!" and retreat to the opposite corner; RORY stamps his heel through one of the barrels, and upsets it; the powder falls out. RORY stands in an attitude of triumph on the barrel.*

Wow, wow! says the fox, this is the match for you—a lighted stick and a barrel o' gunpowther. See, Divilskin, get into that room there, (*points to grated door,*) lock yourselves up, and bring me the key, or I'll blow you all to owld Nick, your relation.

De W. Oh! Rory, Rory! (*attempting to approach.*)

Rory. Come another step and I'll make a skyrocket of you! get into the room, I tell you.

* For this very droll conceit, I am indebted to Mr. Power, to whose rich personation of the whole character, I bear willing and grateful testimony.

[*The smugglers go within the grated door ; DE WELSKAIN goes last, and lingers at the door.*

De W. I will lock dem up and bring you de key.

Rory. Wow, wow, says the fox—go in yourself too, Divilskin, and Nelly shall lock the door—she's the only man among you I'll thrust.

[*DE WELSKAIN goes within the door ; NELLY locks the door, and hands RORY the key ; RORY replaces the lighted stick in the fire.*

Hurra!—now I have you—Nelly, avic, give me a dhrink, for tellin' that story made me thirsty. (*NELLY fills drink ; RORY drinks.*) Here's your health, Divilskin—wasn't that a mighty purty story I towld you? Now, such a purty set o' black-birds as you are in your cage there might sing me a song in return.

De W. Oh, you rascal!

Rory. Nelly, dear, may I thrust to you? (*handing her the key.*)

Nel. May you trust me? (*reproachfully.*)

Rory. Curse on my tongue for sayin' the word—my heart never doubted a woman yet—there, (*gives the key,*) just give me ten minutes' law, and then let them dogs out o' their kennel as soon as you like—and if they can catch the fox o' Ballybotherum, I'll forgive them—good by'e, Nelly.

Nel. And now you'll forget me, Rory.

Rory. Forget you? I'll never forget your purty face, nor your kind heart, Nelly, avic—and the next time we meet, I hope 'twill be in better company, for both our sakes. Give us a kiss. (*kisses her.*)

De W. Oh! Rory, Rory! I am ashamed wis my face.

Rory. Then turn your back, you vagabone—good by'e, Nelly, good by'e Divilskin, and see—the next time you ketch a fox, if he's an Irish fox, take care of your breeches!

[*Exit through door.*

De W. Nelly, Nelly, open de door.

Nel. No, no. (*seats herself in a chair, and rocks herself to and fro.*)

De W. Nellée! my loaf—Nellée, ma chère!

Nel. Wait for half an hour.

[*Whirls the key on her fingers, and laughs at them ; scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*A pass in the hills.*

Enter DE LACY and RORY at opposite sides.

Rory. Oh, Mither De Lacy, is that you?

De L. I was on my way to the hills in search of you.

Rory. And I've just come from the hills, and am glad I met you before you got there—for a great set o' vagabones is in it, and Divilskin at the head o' them.

De L. Do you know any thing of the Collector?

Rory. So you've heerd of it too, I see.

De L. Yes ; and I'm sorry to tell you, *you* are accused of his murder.

Rory. I murdher the likes of him, indeed!—'Pon my conscience, Misther De Lacy, I sthrove all I could to save him, but it was no use, and I know no more what's become of him than the child unborn, for you see they took us away both together, separately!

De L. Then I recommend you to keep concealed until the Collector is found, for I dread the consequences of your being seen while the collector is missing.

Rory. Throth I'll never hide my head while I've done nothing to be ashamed of, nor skulk like a guilty man—and tell me, sir, does the mother and sisher, and Kathleen know of this bad report agin me?

De L. Yes ; and Mary and Kathleen have gone to the glen of the Folly in search of you.

Rory. The glen of the Folly!—then you and I had betther be after them, for that glen of the Folly is not a good place for young women to be in—you know that big ould empty house there!

De L. Yes.

Rory. It's [full o' blackguards—so the sooner you and I is afther them the betther—I know a short cut over the hills here that will bring us there in less than no time.

De L. You are unarmed—take one of my pistols. (*hands a pistol.*)

Rory. Unarmed?—look at that—(*shows his stick*)—keep your pistols Misther De Lacy. You understan' them—this is the pistol for me—and it has one great advantage—it never misses fire.

[*Exeunt RORY and DE LACY, L. H.*]

SCENE THE LAST.—*The Glen of the Folly—the ruins of a romantic building standing on the brink of a turbulent mountain-stream—a waterfall in the distance—some underwood (practicable), interspersed among the rocks.*

Enter KATHLEEN, R. H.

Kat. Here is the spot he was last traced to—and here in this wild glen, and even up to the walls of this old ruin, of which fearful tales are told, have I ventured in quest of him—'tis a lonely place—but what o' that—the world would be lonely without my beloved Rory, and why should I not venture to the deepest cave within it to seek him—here I see some footprints, (*examines,*) and here and here, up to this broken grating—there was a struggle here. Oh, Heaven! if he should have fallen in that struggle—if he should have been betrayed here!—My heart misgives me, for this is one of Shan Dhu's haunts, and his hatred may have roused him to desperate deeds—hark!—I hear footsteps approaching.

Shan. (*without.*) Come on, I say.

Kath. Distraction! 'tis Shan Dhu's voice. Heaven be my guard. (*conceals herself beneath the underwood.*)

Enter SHAN DHU, and SCRUBBS, L. H., whose hands are tied behind his back.

Scr. Why do you bring me back again to this confounded place where you first trapped me?

Shan. Then I'll tell you for your comfort.

Scr. You look like a kind-hearted person.

Shan. Do I?—Well then, I'll tell you the reason I bring you back to this place is, that the military have been seeking here already, and therefore, are not likely to seek again.

Scr. What a comfortable answer!

Shan. March—you must go into the building.

Scr. Oh, dear!—Couldn't you let me escape?

Shan. And be hanged when you could catch me after.

Scr. No; 'pon my honour—I'd provide for you handsomely; I'd make you parish-clerk on full salary.

Shan. Take care it's not a grave-digger I may prove—go in!

[*SCRUBBS is shoved up some steps into the Folly, through a broken arch.*

Kath. (*coming from her concealment.*) Let me fly from this horrible spot—Heavens! what an escape I've had. (*going, but pauses suddenly.*) Ha! that hateful old Solomon coming—I cannot escape—I must trust to concealment again. (*hides as before.*)

Enter SOLOMON, L. H.

Sol. Well, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good—and the storm last night in the vaults yonder turned up pretty well for me. (*shakes a bag of coin.*) This is the sweepings of the table, monsieur won't ask me for his share of the cheating—he thinks 'twas all lost when the waters came upon us—hegh! hegh! hegh! for all the others did lose their money then; how they were frightened—but that's the time, when people are off their guard—that's the time for a bit o' spekkleation—and now to hide it along with the rest, under my old friend the gray stone yonder—some people place their money on a good foundation; I put a good foundation over mine.

[*Opens a large knife, digs round a stone in the back-ground, and lifts it from its bed; while thus employed, SHAN DHU appears at the door of the tower, and observes him, cautiously approaches, and stands behind him unobserved, as the tinker lifts a bag of coin from under the stone; SOLOMON hugs the treasure to his heart.*

My darlings, my beauties. (*opening the bag and looking in.*) There (*throwing in the fresh coin*), lie there—you're in good company.

[SHAN taps him on the shoulder ; the tinker starts, makes an exclamation of fear, and hides the money-bag under his coat.

Shan. Well, Soldering Solomon—what brings you here to day ?

Sol. I was only gathering a few simples for a complaint I've got.

Shan. I know ; you're labouring under too much care.

Sol. Care !

Shan. Yes ; now suppose I was to relieve you of some of your complaint ? there's nothing like *sharing* with a friend.

Sol. Ah ! Shan, Shan ! you're always joking. (*going.*)

Shan. Stop, stop ! you don't know how skilful I am. Why, man, you've got a desperate fit of jaundice ; your eyes are as yellow as *gold*. Do you know that it all proceeds from a bag of yellow stuff that people have about them here !

[*Poking at SOLOMON'S side where the bag is concealed.*

Zounds, what an increase you've got !

[*Pulls open the coat and exposes the bag ; SOLOMON looks aghast, while SHAN utters a half savage, half derisive laugh.*

Sol. Shan, you're a queer fellow—'tis only a few.

Shan. I know—I know ; of course, very few—and not a guinea amongst them—all copper, I dare say ; but see, (*seriously,*) whatever it is, the half of it is mine.

Sol. Yours ?

Shan. Yes, mine ; the half is mine—and be thankful I don't take the whole.

Sol. Shan, you wouldn't take his savings from a poor man ?

Shan. Poor ? why you starved miser ; you who never had the heart to buy a meal's meat, or a hearty glass, you have more gold than many a sporting fellow in the country—more than ever you can want, and I do want it—and, what's more, I'll have it before you leave this.

Sol. Why, Regan, it's not robbing an old man you'd be ?

Shan. Robbing ! you talk of robbing ! who was it stole the stakes of the game last night ? You thought no one saw you ; but I did—and now we'll see who can play the best game here.

Sol. Shan, dear ; don't take it from me now, and it shall all be yours when I die.

Shan. *Die !* take care how you put me in mind o' that.

Sol. Oh, Shan ! you wouldn't murder a poor old man, would you ?

Shan. Who was it told me last night that *dead men tell no tales* ?

Sol. No, you wouldn't—you wouldn't ?

Shan. (*seizing him.*) Wouldn't I ? Give me the half of that bag, or, by this knife, (*wrenches the knife from SOLOMON'S hand,*) this very knife with which you dug your stolen gain from out its hiding-place, old thieving magpie ! I'll dig it from your heart ! Will you give it ?

Sol. Never! I'll sooner part with my life.

Shan. Then take your choice.

[*Throws down SOLOMON, and is about to stab him, when KATHLEEN screams and rushes from her hiding-place. SHAN DHU starts from the ground; SOLOMON rises and runs to KATHLEEN.*

Sol. Save me! save me!

Kath. Shan Dhu! Shan Dhu! you did not mean this. I know you did not. In a moment of passion you forgot yourself, Shan! I know you did. We'll leave you, Shan.

Shan. No; you shan't leave me. Old villain go! Away, and save your gold!—and leave this spying lady with me.

[*The TINKER attempts to go.*

Kath. (*throwing herself at his knees and holding him.*) No, no! you would not leave me! Oh, Solomon! good Solomon! dear Solomon! do not leave me with that dreadful man.

Sol. (*striking at her hands.*) Let me go! let me go!

[*SHAN seizes KATHLEEN's arm, and drags her from SOLOMON, who disengages himself and hurries away, R. H.*

Shan. And now, my prying lass, you'll find out more in the glen than you came to watch for.

Kath. Shan Dhu, may the heaven that looks down on us both, judge and punish you if you wrong me!

Shan. I'm desperate now, and you shall be mine.

[*Seizes KATHLEEN round the waist, she struggles and screams for help; as she is almost sinking, MARY O'MORE rushes in, L. H.*

Mary. Villain! villain! unmanly villain!

[*Rushes to KATHLEEN's aid, and endeavours to disengage her; DE WELSKEIN enters at the moment, L. H.*

De W. Who calls for elp? Ah! my littel girl.

Shan. Seize her! we can bear them both off now.

De W. Ha! ha! you shall coame to my littel sheep.

[*The women make an ineffectual struggle, and are being borne away by the men, when DE LACY and RORY appear on the cliff above the waterfall, and rush upon SHAN and DE WELSKEIN. RORY attacks the latter, who draws a cutlass, which RORY protects himself from successfully with a stick. SHAN DHU gives up his hold on KATHLEEN, who faints; DE LACY engages SHAN DHU, who is disarmed, and retreats up the cliff, turns as he is half-way up, and draws a pistol.*

De Lacy. (*drawing a pistol.*) Dare to fire, and you die!

Shan. Rory O'More, this to your heart!

[*MARY screams as SHAN DHU fires at RORY, who is engaged in struggle with DE WELSKEIN; the ball takes effect on DE WELSKEIN, who falls.*

De Lacy. Villain! take the reward of your treachery,

[*Fires at SHAN as he gains the summit of the cliff, SHAN utters a piercing cry, and falls down the cataract;*

RORY and MARY hasten to KATHLEEN, whom he lifts from the ground.

Rory. Open your eyes, my colleen, and look on your own Rory ; you're safe, you're safe now, darlin' !

De L. Where's that ruffian De Welskein ?

Rory. He's got more than he bargained for ; a chance shot may kill the divil, they say, and owld Divilskin has got his gruel, I'm thinking.

Kath. Oh, Rory ! 'twas heaven that sent you here.

Rory. 'Twas an angel that brought me here, any how.

Kath. How came you to arrive so opportunely ?

Rory. Why, I gave the vagabones the slip in the hills yonder, and, on my return, met Mистер De Lacy coming to look for me, and when he towld me where you and Mary had gone I lost no time in being afther you—for I knew it was not the safest neighbourhood in the world. But now, let us get home as fast as we can, for, in throth, you want rest, jewel.

[A bugle sounds ; COL. THUNDER and SOLDIERS appear in the distance, and march on the stage.]

Hillo ! here's more of it—what's going to happen now ?

Col. T. This is the man. (points to RORY.) Arrest him.

[Soldiers advance, DE LACY by his action expresses surprise]

Rory. For what ?

Col. T. For murder.

Rory. Oh, murdher, murdher—arrah, who did I murdher ?

Col. The Collector.

Kath. He is innocent ! He is innocent. (runs to the ruin, and en'ers.)

Rory. Oh, my poor girl ! she's gone mad, I'm afeard ; Mистер De Lacy would you go afther her ! Colonel, by this and that, all I know of the Collector is that I did all I could to save him—and we were taken off together.

Col. Produce the Collector or you die.—Bear him away !

Kath. (appearing at the entrance of the ruin, with SCRUBBS still bound.) Hold ! hold ! here is the Collector. (advances to the front.)

Rory. Hurra ! all's right then.—Kathleen, darling, you're a janius ! where did you scrubb out old Scrubbs ?

Kath. I saw him placed there by Shan Dhu while I lay concealed.

Rory. By dad, Scrubbs, I never thought I would be glad to see you, but, 'pon my soul I am.

Scr. Oh, Colonel Thunder—I'm more dead than alive ! how is my darling wife ?

Col. Tell me, Mr. Scrubbs, have you any charge against this man ? (points to RORY.)

Rory. Spake out—did I murdher you ?

Scr. To do him every justice, he did all he could to save me.

Rory. But saltpethre couldn't save him, and that's a sthrong pickle.

Col. Then you are free. (to RORY ; KATHLEEN rushes to his arms.)

Rory. My jewel, and 'twas your own sweet purty little self saved me afther all. Colonel, dear, when you kem to take me at first, I thought it might be something about that *tay*.

Col. Hush ! here's a marriage portion for Kathleen. (*gives a purse.*) And not a word about tea.

Rory. I wouldn't say bohay for the world.—And now, Colonel, if you're goin' my way home I'll be proud to see you, sir, and indeed the Collecthor too, though he nigh hand cost me my life ; and indeed I'll ax every friend I meet between this and my own house, to come wid me and dhrink long life to me afther all my adventures, and sure if the house is too small, them that can't get inside must stay outside ; but they'll be well received all the same, and the oftener they come the more welcome will they be to Rory O'More.

THE END.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a general
 discussion of the problem. It is shown that the
 problem is equivalent to the problem of finding
 the minimum of a certain functional. This
 functional is defined as follows:

$$J(u) = \int_{\Omega} |\nabla u|^2 dx + \int_{\Omega} f(x) u dx$$

where Ω is the domain of interest, ∇ is the gradient operator, and $f(x)$ is a given function. The minimum of this functional is attained at a function u which satisfies the following boundary value problem:

$$\Delta u = -f(x) \text{ in } \Omega, \quad u = 0 \text{ on } \partial\Omega$$

where Δ is the Laplace operator and $\partial\Omega$ is the boundary of Ω . The problem of finding the minimum of $J(u)$ is thus equivalent to the problem of finding the solution of the above boundary value problem.

REFERENCES

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